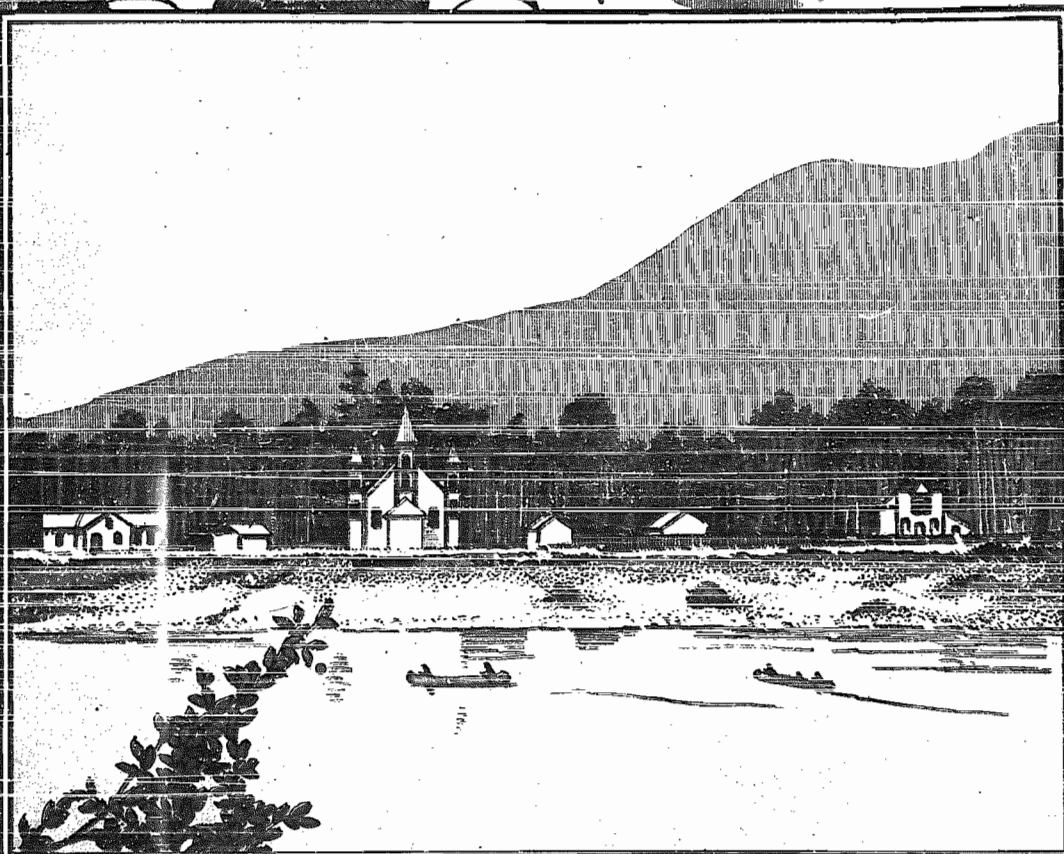


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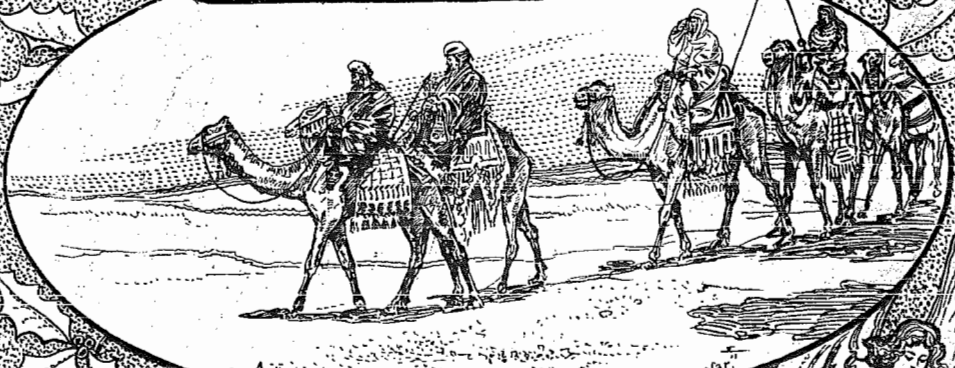
WAR CRY



CHRISTMAS
1904

TORONTO
DEC. 24, 1904
Price 10 Cents

The Heavenly Star



From the East with precious gifts, came the wise men from afar.

*A myriad stars o'ershining the plains
Of Bethlehem that night;
But brighter far than all the rest,
One star flung out its light.
The brightness of that star proclaimed
The coming of the King;
And startled shepherds woke to hear
Angelic voices sing:*

*Hosanna, Hosanna,
Your King is come to-night!
Mortals, arise! In Bethlehem
Behold the wondrous sight.
Lo, there beneath that brightest star,
In midnight sky unpestered,
There, in a manger, see your Lord,
The Saviour of the world.*

*From out the East with precious gifts,
Came wise men from afar,
To where with fullest glory shone
The radiance from that star
Here is the dwelling of the King.
They cried with gladsome shout;
And far above them through the night
The heavenly song rang out:*

*Hosanna, Hosanna,
Joy to the waiting earth!
Mortals with heavenly choir unite,
And sing your Saviour's birth.
Grace to the world, good-will to men—
The tidings glad he brings;
Oh, hasten to that lowly hut,
And hail the King of kings!*

*Dear Lord, we bring our hearts to Thee,
Not frankincense or gold
Such as that night, with holy joy,
The wise men brought of old.
Abide with us, oh, heavenly Child,
Our Saviour, Master, Friend;
And to Thy name our songs shall rise
In praises without end.*

*Hosanna, Hosanna,
Hail to Thee, Prince of Peace!
Mortals, there shines through all the night
A light that shall not cease.
Lead Thee us still, Emmanuel,
That we, still following,
May serve Thee till our journey's end,
And we shall see our King.*



"We bring our hearts to Thee."



SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF

WAR X CRY

21st YEAR No. 13

TORONTO DEC. 24th 1904

PRICE 10 CENTS

A Real Christmas Day.

"Lord, how long wilt Thou look on?"

HOW beautiful it would be if we could have one real Christmas Day! Just one! The world might like it so well that it would want another. Think a moment what it would be like.

It would have no war in it. There would not be the millions of soldiers drilling and disciplining themselves to kill other soldiers, or to prevent other soldiers from killing them. There would be no armies to keep what land we have, or to get land from others which they are unwilling to give up. There would be no big warships built for the purpose of destroying other big warships and putting to death the skilled mechanics who operate them. There would be no arsenals, no camps with thousands of men segregated from productive pursuits, no

navy yards, no foundries and factories for the manufacture of big guns, and rifles, and pistols, and swords, and bayonets, and knives, and cartridges, and different kinds of deadly powders and explosives. But wouldn't this be a great loss? Yes. For these are industries upon which thousands depend. But as all these industries are for the express purpose of destroying lives and property—and unless they do destroy lives and property they seem luxuries—would not the world be richer, say, in a generation, if all our industries were devoted to creating property and saving lives?

Then, on that Christmas Day, there would be no poverty. But there has always been poverty! Yes. That is no reason why it is desirable, or a good thing in the world. There would be no poverty, because everybody would be industrious, and thrifty, and not envious; and as for the sick and the unfortunate, everybody would feel as much sympathy for the pain of others as for his own pain. We might not have a Christmas Day without suffering and pain, but nothing of what we call poverty would be found in a world pervaded by economic Christian principles. There

would be no drunkenness, because everybody would be temperate, using moderation both in eating and drinking. No one would any more stimulate himself unto a beastly condition of drunkenness than he would burn off his hand in the fire when he felt the need of warming himself.

There would be no more prisons, lock-ups, jails, not even county jails, the worst of all for manufacturing criminals, because there would be no more criminals at large in the community. No bad men? Well, not so many as now, if we could get Christianity (which we celebrate this day) well started in the world. But there would be sick and diseased persons, and hospitals, no doubt. So there might be bad men and women, degenerates, perhaps even incorrigibles, but they would be in reformatories, old and young, remaining there until they were cured. On Christmas night we should not need to lock a door or a window, or put our silver in a safe. Rather we should be rejoicing that all the sick men were cared for, and that all the criminals were in a position where they might become as fit as we to celebrate Christmas Day.

—Charles Dudley Warner.



THE REIGN OF LOVE.

EDITORIAL.

Christmas Greetings.

AT THIS SEASON we again extend to the readers of the War Cry, from Newfoundland's shores to the coast of the Pacific Ocean, and from the sunny Bermudas to the frost-gripped Yukon, greetings and sincere wishes for a happy Christmastide; one of holy joy to those who love the Saviour, and one of salvation to the wanderer from God, which also means happiness, the only kind worth having. Again there revives in our ear the old, but grand, message of the angel-choir in Judea, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." For the triumphs we have had since last Christmas, for the good and perfect gifts of the year to us, and for the wonders of His grace in our own hearts, we give "glory to God." "On earth peace" is the desire of every sincere Christian, and with the great hosts of God's people we pray that the war in the Far East may end. And may the dogs of war be chained with links too strong to break, as well as too close fitting to slip. "Good will toward men" is still the burden of our message to this world's millions. We shall continue to speak, sing, and write of the wonderful, matchless love of Christ for the worst of sinners. For His sake we will seek to bring them to the blood. Verily, we believe that before another Christmas comes round a mighty revival will have swept many precious souls into the Kingdom of God.

"Thank You."

WE GLADLY AVAIL OURSELVES of this opportunity to thank the many contributors, of this and other lands, who have so generously helped to make this number interesting. These pages contain, besides a variety of articles from our own Territory, contributions from New Guinea, and from New Zealand ("Saved Through a Song"), and from the Old Land, to which we are particularly indebted for a large portion of the contents. Commissioner Raitlon has written especially for our new comrades who have come to us from Great Britain; Lieutenant Colonel Duff, the well-known Editor of the British Young Soldier, has sent a touching story of the Social Work; Major Grinstead describes the growth of our Musical Instrument Factory, and Lieutenant Colonel Cuthbert balances the others with a seasonal article. The reader will see that the Editor, while attending the International Congress, did not neglect his opportunity to enlist a few special contributors. Our own field is represented by a contingent headed by our Commissioner, who sends forth a bugle blast with a clarion note of gratitude which will echo in our hearts. Brigadier Southall and Mrs. Johnson are taking their accustomed place in this special issue, while Staff-Capt. Perry gives us the benefit of the interesting stories he heard from the sea-faring officers of Newfoundland, who went with him on the "Ionian," of blessed memory, to the great Congress. Our solidarity is represented by Sydney Church, of Bermuda, Captain Long, of Spokane, in a western story, and J. S. S.-M. Braund, who tells us of his J. S. work in Peterboro, at our request. For illustration, we have laid the

Great Congress under heavy tribute, believing that it will be a pleasant memory to many and of exceptional interest to all. We have not spared artist's fees to profusely illustrate the contents, and our Photo-Engraving Department has worked day and night to turn out the required "cuts."

Our Frontispiece.

THE CENTRAL ILLUSTRATION on the front page of our imitation birch bark cover is a view of our first S. A. Industrial Settlement among the Indians of the Upper Skeena River. Five years ago this spot was covered by forest. Through the industry of our Indian converts, and under the direction of our intrepid missionary, Adj. Thorkildson, a splendid village, with about a hundred souls, has been formed, and presents a very pleasing appearance on the bank of that mighty river. The old heathen houses, so frequently seen all along the Skeena River, have not been permitted to be built; the present structures are modern and sanitary. The village boasts of a fine barracks, a schoolhouse (which has been enlarged only recently), an officers' quarters, and a home for a trained nurse to look after the sick. We have also installed this fall a small sawmill plant to provide a way of helping to support the population of the village, the inhabitants of which are all Salvationists. Funds are urgently needed to extend the industrial enterprise to make it sufficient to support the settlement and our missionary operations there. It could be made self-supporting, and such is our aim. It would be, indeed, a very practical way of celebrating Christmas if some two thousand dollars, which are most urgently needed, were contributed by the readers of the War Cry. Why not forward your share at once to the Indian Secretary, S. A. Temple, Toronto? (Make cheques payable to Thos. B. Coombs.)

Our Supplement.

THE FINE REPRODUCTION of Dietrich's "Christ Stilling the Waves," which we are giving with this special edition as a supplement, will be appreciated by all our readers, and would become a very desirable ornament, when framed, to any home. We cannot too strongly recommend the wisdom of adorning the walls of our homes with good pictures, which not only are beautiful and pleasing, but also impress the beholder as conveying some eternal truth. Many an inspired picture has preached sermons more enduring than those coming from platform or pulpit. We are exceedingly grateful for the many evidences which have come to our notice that the many beautiful supplements of our past special numbers now hang, framed, in hundreds of homes scattered from Alaska and British Columbia throughout Canada and Newfoundland.

Sale of Work Postponed.

THE SALE OF WORK in the interests of the Rescue Department, announced to take place near Christmas, has evoked

many kind responses. Band of Love circles and other bodies, as well as friends and officers, have forwarded parcels and cases—there is room for more. Owing, however, to the lateness of the annual councils and to the change in Commissioners, it has been thought wise to postpone the public Sale of Work. It is proposed to observe the same in connection with the Rescue Anniversary a few weeks hence. Well-wishers are invited to continue their labor in the interest of the scheme, making it worthy of the very deserving object.

Commissioner's "At Home."

IT WAS A BRIGHT IDEA. Nothing better could have been devised to bring together such a number of old friends—and they were there in great numbers. Some had come by train from outside places; many were surprised to see each other. Why many had not met for years.

"This is like heaven," said an old friend, "we are as happy as a lot of kids!" And he was right.

One can truthfully say there never was a more smiling, happy, free-and-easy "At Home" anywhere. We saw tears of joy in many eyes. Such a lot of "How-do-you-do?" and handshaking. Oh, it was a blessed reunion of old comrades and friends.

The "At Home" had been announced to take place from three to five in the afternoon. With the stroke of the clock the crowds came, there was no being late. In a few minutes the many nice little tables and all available chairs in the nicely-decorated Council Chamber were filled. Tea, sandwiches, and cake were served, and pleasant chat everywhere sounded like a mountain brook. Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs moved in and out among the tables, shaking hands and having a few words with all present. Every now and then there was an ejaculation at the recognition of an old face.

"He looks just the same," an old friend remarked.

"He has not altered a bit," everybody said. Soon the crowd almost became a crush. The Commissioner invited the friends to come into the auditorium, and they almost filled the body of the hall. While he pleasantly talked of the happiness of the intervening fifteen years since he left Canada, another crowd filed into the Council Chamber, which was soon full again. And all the time friends had been coming and going.

At five o'clock there was no sign of the crowd intending to lessen. They still kept coming.

The orchestra played, the quartet sang, and the Commissioner sang. It all contributed to the bubbling happiness of the hour.

Now the Commissioner mounts a chair. He turns the pleasant chat for a few moments to the great theme which is uppermost in his heart, the salvation of men.

"These tables and chairs make splendid penitent forms, and nothing would please me better than seeing some soul come to God right now."

The crowds listen. "He is just the same. Just as lively and earnest; bless him!" said a lady who has been a friend of the Army for a score of years, and tears stood in her eyes.

We are sure God looked down and was pleased, and angels crowded the Council Chamber that day.

A BUGLE BLAST

BY THE COMMISSIONER.

CHRISTMAS, 1904.

MY DEAR OFFICERS, SOLDIERS AND FRIENDS:—

My heart is full of gratitude and thanksgiving to God that He has brought me once more to labor in your midst, and my first word is one of "Hallelujah" to our God and King for the mercies that have followed me since I bade you farewell over fifteen years ago.

What wonderful years they have been! The Lord has indeed crowned me and mine with lovingkindness and tender mercy, and, in the Land of the Southern Cross, as well as in the dear Homeland, He has given me beautiful and continued evidence of His good pleasure in me.

What wonderful days they have been to you! Trials and difficulties you have had, sorrows and troubles innumerable, and yet your victories and triumphs have far outweighed them all. You have been richly blessed, and the great advance made under your late Commissioner calls forth our loudest praise and thanksgiving.

Then I must shout "Hallelujah!" for the wonderful way in which the Lord has come to our help in our Welcome Meetings, not only opening the hearts of the people to receive us, bringing old friends again to our side, and crowding our pathway with new friends, but making bare His mighty arm in the restoration of backsliders and the salvation of sinners. This



is a sight of sights, and while we were rejoicing on earth, the angels were rejoicing in Heaven that the dead were brought to life, and the lost found. How glad I am that God has kept my heart tender with love to sinners, and that the comrades who assisted me in the Toronto Welcome Meetings had the same love and passion.

"The sight that charms me most
Is a sinner at the Cross."

How good God has been to us! The seventy-seven who came to the mercy seat on our first Sunday is one of the dear Lord's love-tokens to us, and an earnest of what is going to be given us in the future.

I must shout "Hallelujah" for the future. The past has been very good; the present is grand; the future will be glorious. Our dear General is looking for us to give a good account of ourselves. His great heart is full of love to his dear Canadian officers and soldiers, and the people of this fair clime, and nothing will make him rejoice more than to know that we are tearing hell's throne to pieces, and winning this territory to Jesus.

I am full of faith for seasons of rich blessing and power, and, at this Christmas time, the season when we celebrate the birth of our Lord, desire that every Salvationist should put themselves afresh on the altar and cry for a baptism of holy love and burning zeal for the salvation of men. God will hear our cry; He will answer our prayers, and give us such evidences of His love to us as we have never before witnessed.

"Lo! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above,
But the Lord is going to pour
All the spirit of His love."

Mrs. Coombs joins me in love to everyone, and, with a big "Hallelujah" in my heart for you all,

I am, as ever,

Yours in the Blood and Fire,

Thaklonuk

Commissioner.

A Midnight Proclamation

By Brigadier Southall.

A GREAT deal of historic interest was already bound up in the career of the little town, situated on a lofty eminence some five miles south of Jerusalem. But though it probably had gathered about it more remarkable associations than any other town mentioned in the Bible, yet Bethlehem was to witness in that midnight event, which was to be signified by a wonderful illumination, a more marvelous and far-reaching issue than anything it had yet known.

It treasured up in its archives the beautifully romantic story of Ruth and Naomi and Boaz.

Perhaps in no history, sacred or secular, can such a declaration of love and loyalty be found, or so eloquently expressed, as in those words: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and whither thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest there will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if I ought but death part thee and me." This emphatic reply to the dark picture Naomi had drawn, and given as a reason why Ruth should not go with her, demonstrates a faith and an affection rarely found. The reward that accrued to Ruth is another of those glorious evidences that God's providence always finds a rich recompense for those who unflinchingly stick to the path of duty.

Forever Memory.

That the inhabitants of the town treasured the fact that it was David's birthplace is forcibly attested by its being known as "the city of David." They were justly proud that one so illustrious was once an inhabitant of the little town. That David, too, remembered his boyish home with happy memory is shown by the frequent reference in his songs to the fresh pastures and refreshing streams of the valley and hillsides that surrounded and sloped from the lofty position on which the town was situated.

Thus, Bethlehem prided itself in the remembrance of the precious memories that cling to it; but though prophecy had foretold the great honor that was yet to come upon it, possibly none of its inhabitants were aware of the meaning of that midnight illumination which had aroused their wonder and awe, and the reason of which had already been declared to the startled shepherds in the plains below.

Greatest of All.

The greatest event in all history—Divinity made incarnate, the Word made flesh, and God coming indeed among men—was now an accomplished fact, and the glorious event has shed a hallowed lustre upon the name of Bethlehem ever since, and caused a town largely unknown even in Palestine to become a household name. But it is the fact itself that most concerns us. What an experience it must have been for the shepherds, aroused from their watching by the brilliant illumination that flooded the landscape with an incandescence such as they had never before seen. It is not difficult to understand why they were "sore afraid." While still gazing at the great spectacle before them, and trembling as if conscious of some impending disaster, a voice speaks to them, and in the

brilliance they make out the form of an angel, who quiets their perturbation with a glorious assurance, "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

Their minds seemed to be illuminated as well as their natural vision by the brilliant light they had witnessed, for they seemed to recall prophecies concerning the coming of the Messiah, but their thoughts were again abruptly disturbed by sounds such as they had never heard, as they had been by the marvelous sight they had witnessed.

The First Carol.

The angelic host which they now made out to be with the angel, sang. They caught the main points of the heavenly chorus: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Glorify to God in the Highest.—Praise was due to God for the great plan He had wrought for man's redemption. Earth was to be especially interested in the event, for man's benefit was the object of the mightiest evidence of divine love. But also "in the highest" was God to be praised, for even the angels and the whole universe were to share the benefit of the great gift of His love. A new song was given to the world, indicating that the Gospel Jesus brought was to be one of cheer, of joy, and of praise.

On Earth Peace.—The Gospel was intended to bring peace. Everywhere there was war and unrest and murder and pillage. The world, too, was at war against God, and sinners are necessarily at enmity against Him and against each other. Thus Jesus came to bring peace, and to establish means of mediation between God and man.

Goodwill Toward Men.—The great gift God made to the world on that first Christmas occasion was the most potent expression possible of His goodwill toward man. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son . . . This love is unfathomable, and beyond our comprehension. Not only was it an evidence of God's goodwill to man, but the Gospel is the greatest factor for promoting goodwill and peace among men. We have seen how other principles, and even other systems of religion, have failed; but the fruits of the Gospel are always the same, no matter where or among what races or conditions it is disseminated."

The World's Midnight Hour.

It was not only the midnight hour in Bethlehem in which the illumination that startled the shepherds appeared, but it also marked the closing of the day of the Old Dispensation. The clock that marked the period of salvation by proxy and outward symbol had struck twelve amid impenetrable darkness, and amidst disorder, if not disaster. The spiritual and moral condition of the world was dwarfed and distorted, and had carried the race to the verge of utter destruction. To the remnant of true and God-fearing men the position must have seemed hopeless, and only the "love of God" could discover a means to avert the inevitable impending catastrophe. So it was that the ethereal brilliance that flashed across Bethlehem's plains not only heralded the closing of a dark era, but also heralded the opening of a new and a brighter epoch.

The shepherds were evidently pious men, and to them the great announcement made by the angel was the fulfilment of a long-standing expectation. Without hesitation

they journeyed towards the town "with haste." How truly their attitude illustrates the attitude of all who honestly and sincerely desire to find "the Christ," and as surely as the illumination came to them, so surely will it come to every man who desires to know the Saviour, and who will acknowledge and serve Him.

When they had come and found Him, and satisfied themselves that the great proclamation of His coming was true, they made known abroad the saying which was told them, and so became the first preachers of the Gospel. So, too, with all who find the Messiah, the event is too wonderful, and filled with such great issues that we cannot keep it to ourselves. Anyway, there seems to be reason for question whether a person has really found Christ as a Saviour and Friend if he keeps it to himself.

A Universal Proclamation.

Great as was the expectation among the Jewish nation that the Messiah was about to appear, and though He was to come through the lineage of one of their prominent families, yet He was not to come for their benefit alone; which their exclusiveness would have demanded, but the angel announced, "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

How gloriously true has that declaration been made manifest among the nations. The first century brought forth the mighty records and results of the apostles and martyrs, who penetrated various parts of the then-known world, and all gave the same testimony of the saving power of the name of Jesus. And so on down the ages, each successive celebration of God's gift to the world marks the extension of that Kingdom which has no end, and this Christmas season will find victories recorded upon the banners of Christ, fresh conquests, and further increases to His realm. One has but to study the thrilling story of the mighty achievements of the Gospel among the heathen nations, the cannibal races, and the remote tribes of the earth, to note how grandly true and universal was the proclamation given to the watching shepherds on that eventful night, that it was not only for their joy and blessing, but for "all people."

Your Part in the Matter.

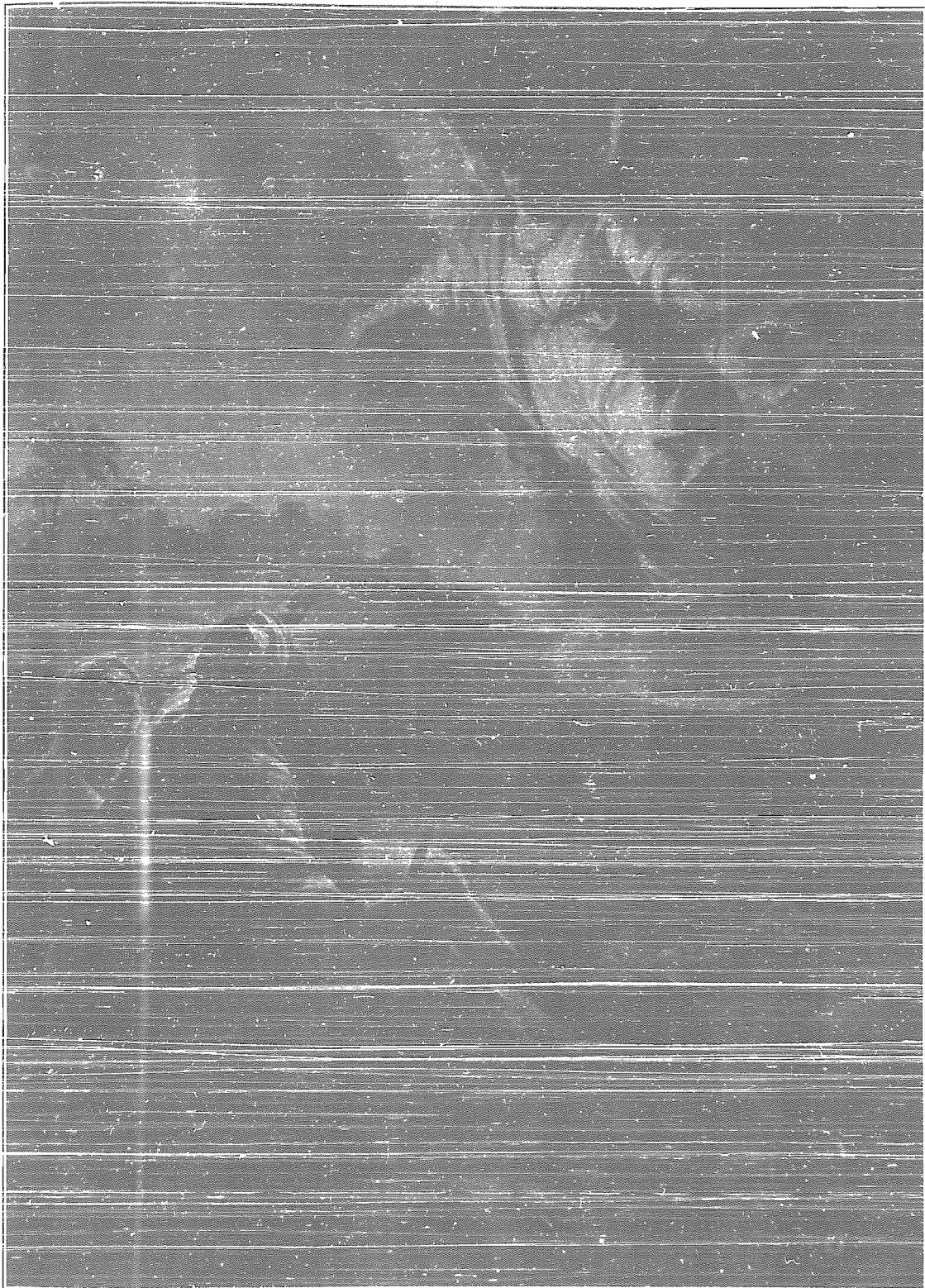
Should someone be induced to read these lines who has not yet sought Him "with haste," surely His goodness, His truth, and the testimony of the nations all down the ages, will cause you to reflect at this blessed season, as never before, as to the wisdom or foolishness of your indifference, and to discover if there may not be a part in this great "gift of God" intended for your happiness and joy on earth, and your eternal enrichment in the life which is to come.

In wishing you a Happy Christmas, we can only hope for its fulfillment in your proving in your own heart and spirit its true meaning, and realizing its "Gift" as yours. Let it be so, for the angel of the Lord declares to you as an individual, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy . . . for unto you is born a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

MESSAGE OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN WAR CRY TO CANADA.

Although but a pigmian group of Salvationists in the Argentine and Uruguayan Republics, compared with our Canadian comrades, we are propagating with all our soul and zeal the glorious news of salvation. We feel that daily the passion to see people being converted to God grows stronger. Salvationists that we are, we believe here also in the possibility of living a happy life in this world, and every day we strive to live a life that will honor the Master and prove to the world that He lives in us.

In stating that our comrades of the extreme north, and our dear General, may rely upon us to keep the loved standard uplifted, I believe that I but give faithful expression to the sentiments of the South American comrades.—Marcelo T. Allmand, Capt.



(Reproduced from the Painting of Flochouet.)

THE ANNOUNCING ANGEL.



Xmas Thoughts in Canada.

BY COMMISSIONER RAILTON.



[An article especially written for the numerous families who have, during the past year, left kin and country on the other side of the ocean to seek a new home in this country, which presents such vast opportunities to willing hands.]

THIS Christmas will be the first in Canada for many an emigrant, and it is impossible for me to think of it without wondering what will be the thoughts and plans they will frame at that time.

Only too many, it is to be feared, will resemble the multitude in other "Christian lands" who, at that "festive season," as it is called, occupy themselves so very much with their own private family affairs that they have neither time nor care for anything beyond their own immediate circle. In their their family plans, however, are happily included, as a rule, some little kindnesses towards others, which form, by long habit, part of their own Christmas fare; but which can never take the place of real earnest care for the suffering.

Great indeed will be the blessing of new acquaintances and surroundings for any such whom they may force to look more closely into their own lives and ask whether they have ever understood the meaning of Christ's coming.

Was not He an emigrant? Did He not land in the world amidst a depth of poverty such as would have disqualified Him for entry into proud lands that are called Christian?

Yet no depth of outer misery, nor breadth of hatred from all the world around, could ever dim the brightness of His shining, or chill the love to all men that filled His heart. Should these words happily fall into the hands of any who are feeling desolate and lonely this Christmas, may they help you to gather new courage and joy from that great Light, and to become, by His grace, a new power for the salvation of Canada.

Jesus Christ did not emigrate "to better Himself," or to make for any member of His family better worldly prospects. He promises only sorrowful disappointment to all who seek to build for themselves or for those they love, upon even the most lovely foundations that can be found in this world. It is to those who "leave all" for His sake and the Gospel's that He holds out His great rewards. Oh, that He may get a better hearing than ever in all our hearts.

Then, it will become the highest ambition of the fathers' and mothers' hearts to raise up children who shall turn their backs upon all that is most inviting in the world, and spend their lives among the poor, the ignorant, the guilty, that they may be raised up to the fellowship of the children of God. And it will be the great calculation of every one of us, what part of a crop of blessing and joy for our souls can be produced out of our own lives.

What shall you do for Canada? That is the question that will, I hope, come up before every one this Christmas time. It may also include the question, "What shall you do for the world?" for what could more honorably distinguish Canada—what would give it a greater claim to God's special blessing—than to have sent out of its fairest, best, strongest to carry salvation all around the world.

In all probability those who earnestly consider what they will do for Canada will be longing for just the opposite of what attracts many an ambition. Not to go where nature's scenes are most ravishing, its treasures most easily gathered, its plenitude most comfort-

ably enjoyed; but to leave all, that will be the hunger of the Christ-like soul. Not where applause rains upon the best deserving worker, where everyone is kind and few visibly wicked; but to carry the Bread of Life to the souls that are perishing in a moral fifth, that makes them feel sick at the sound of it, and turn with more or less contempt from all its earnest carriers, such will be the choice of the best souls in Canada.

And what of those who have grown weary with their crying to a heedless world, those who must needs look back upon all the Christ-masses since they first began to publish Jesus to their neighbors, with the sad, sad memory of but little result from all their self-denial and labor? Not a few of them may be tempted to lay down their weapons, and retire in

hopeless disgust from a field where so many cease truly to fight, and gladden themselves, like fallen Peter, around the fire of those who care little or nothing for Jesus.

But, no; let us cling to our fellowship with Jesus all the more if we realize more than ever this solitude and the world's contempt for Him. "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him." Perhaps few countries have presented to the world more splendid examples than Canada and Newfoundland of the Salvationist who stands alone, and will not give in to discouragement, or any other devil. See to it that by your life the honor of your country in this respect shall never diminish, but ever increase, and when the great solitary One comes He will count you worthy to reign with Himself.

Christmas in Prison and Out of It.

A STORY OF OUR PRISON WORK.

HE had been sentenced to the penitentiary for a number of years for a crime committed.

A meeting was conducted by the Army in the beautiful chapel adjoining the prison one Sunday morning.

Such a crowd! Over four hundred hardened criminals—the worst to be found in Canada. Silence reigned except for the occasional clang of the iron chains of some of the prisoners. The privilege of holding a meeting was only granted the Army once in three months. How eagerly the convicts looked forward to this meeting; salutes would be given on all sides by them as the Army uniform was seen passing the cells. What a sense of responsibility rested upon the leaders of this meeting, and those who took part. How those men sang! What a power seemed to hover over the meeting! Tears rolled down the hardened cheeks of the prisoners. Hearts were touched by the divine love of God, and many went back to their cells to think.

The Warden himself was in the meeting, it being his first. So much was he taken up by the simple, yet powerful, ways and methods of the Army that at the close he said, "This is the kind of preaching I want in this prison."

A message came over the phone to the Army quarters a few days later, that a prisoner wished to see the Army Captain. Fifteen minutes' ride on the street car, my business made known to the prison officials, the ponderous doors unbolted, and I was inside the great house of correction. In a few moments I was by the side of a criminal. He seemed almost afraid at first to come near me, like a scared bird. The prison officials were very kind, and the guard in charge of the prisoner told me to help him all I could.

He had given his heart to God in his cell some time before this, but I was the first one

he had the privilege of talking with. His heart was full. His one thought, after telling me of his conversion, was for his poor invalid wife left at home with a helpless child to shift for themselves. In the meantime I had also received a letter from this young woman, telling me of her condition, and asking if we could do anything for her. The matter was taken up by Brigadier Archibald, who informed the proper authorities, and in a short time both woman and child were placed where they were properly cared for.

A year later, miles away from the prison city, a man knocked at the quarters door, with a letter from our Prison Secretary.

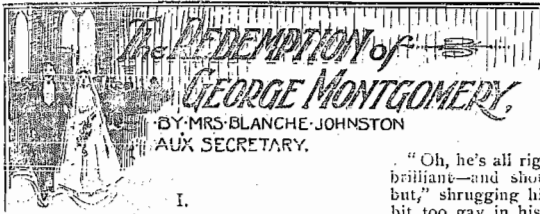
His sentence had been shortened—he was out on parole. He got to work a few days later, in a shop whose foreman was a Salvationist.

A town a few miles distant. A corps was having a banquet, tables were heavily laden with good things. A woman with crutches sat down, not looking very strong, yet very happy. By the side of her sat her husband—the ex-convict—he, too, very happy. The child is yet in the Home, but the parents expect to have it in a few months, then the home will be complete.

What a romance. Truth indeed is stranger than fiction. Another part of the story is that our League of Mercy sisters visited and kept constantly in touch with the wife mentioned, while the husband was visited in the prison by the officer of another corps, neither being pre-arranged.

What a wonderful chain of circumstances! What a wonderful organization the Salvation Army is, and what a wonderful God we serve, who is able to "break the prisoner's chains and liberate the captive." And, in conclusion, what a Happy Christmas this will be to the ex-prisoner and family.—Adjutant Bloss.





I.

DARLING, if you will but promise to be mine, your wish shall be my law and pleasure, in this matter as in everything. "O my love," continued the speaker, "you are more than life itself to me. I fervently love you. I love you with a devoted affection; only be my wife and I will be strong enough for anything."

The dark eyes burned with latent fire as the noble head of George Montgomery bent over the beautiful girl before him. In the spacious grounds, bursting buds and many-tinted leaves had glistened all through the glorious June day, and the early flowers had donned wondrously-lovely garments—pink, and red, and yellow. Now the fading sunlight cast farewell shafts across the fair landscape. It seemed as if the silver-voiced birds hesitated in their song, and hushed their glad music in anxiety to hear the response to this earnest wooing.

"Oh, can I trust you, George? If I could only be sure." The blue eyes searched the brown depths. The golden head unconsciously came nearer the dark one.

"Yes, yes, Katie; only promise, and I swear I will be strong for your sake."

Why, in the midst of his desperate earnestness, should George tremble, and that fearful spasm spread a shadow across his fine features? That expression was not caused by the uncertainty as to what Katie's final answer might be, or by the sweeping tides of intense love. The change was only momentary, for Katie was speaking, and to him her voice was more melodious than earth's sweetest harmonies.

"Yes, George; I have long loved you dearly, and this weakness of yours has been the only barrier to our happiness. If you will give me your word of honor as a gentleman, that for ever you will forsake it, I will be your wife."

They were quite alone in the twilight, so no one witnessed the scene that followed Katie's timidly-whispered confession. George clasped her to his breast, and plighted his troth with his first love kiss.

A gentle breeze stirred the overhanging branches, and caused a shower of pink and white beauty to enshroud them, and the evening songsters seemed to understand the event which was being enacted, for their tiny throats trilled forth a chorus of joyous melody.

An hour or two later George Montgomery and Katie Morden passed through the old New England orchard, up the gaily-bordered garden path, and lingered beneath the rose-clad piazza, of the grand old house where Katie was an honored guest; and when George wended his way home through the moonlit avenue, it seemed as though the aroma of flowers still enveloped him and the breath of his fiancée fanned his flushed cheek; but in the moment of his supreme triumph there was the memory of defeat—in his hour of happiness a thought of shame.

"O my God! If she should ever know," he murmured. "My Katie, I cannot, I will not give you up!"

II.

"GEORGE is a lucky dog, to secure the delightful Miss Morden. She is the most popular lady between here and Boston."

"Rich, too, they say," interposed Fred Thompson. "Old Morden, her uncle, is worth a pile. Mrs. Grundy has it that Miss Kate is his favorite niece—like a daughter, don't you know?" continued the Englishman. "So it's probable he'll make her his heiress. He was charmed to have the wedding cele-

brated here—would not hear of her returning home. Has promised her that fine new mansion on First Street as a wedding gift; but Montgomery is a fine fellow and deserves his good luck."

"Oh, he's all right, brilliant—exceptionally brilliant—and should have a great career; but," shrugging his shoulders, "he's been a bit too gay in his time. Has promised the pretty bride to reform, I hear, and all that sort of thing—ha, ha, ha!"

The sceptical laugh with which Jack Kane concluded his remark would not have reassured Katie Morden, who at that moment was driving in an opposite direction to meet her promised husband at the altar.

Society matrons watched with envy, and society daughters with wistful hopefulness, the beautiful bride who swept up the broad flower-strewn isle, by her gallant uncle's side, to the chancel, where her handsome lover awaited her arrival. "How perfectly lovely she is." "What a splendid marriage." "An ideal match." Such exclamations and comments passed from guest to guest, as the strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march died away.

Every eye was riveted upon the vision of white purity as the sweet, veiled girl stood forth with the



Detectives Watched Him at the Funeral.

coronet of orange blossoms encircling her brow, and her snowy garments falling in fleecy clouds about her. As the service proceeded a flood of gold, green, and purple glory streamed through the colored windows, clothing the bridal party with subdued splendor. Throughout the festivities which followed—the dejeuner and the reception—in the prettily-decorated marquee that had been placed adjoining the conservatory, under the maples and oaks; all aglow with autumn's rich and variegated burnishings, Katie was supremely happy. Her smile was irresistible and her manner fascinating as she graciously received the congratulations of her many admiring acquaintances and loving friends.

There were no misgivings in her mind as to why George had been so anxious to have the marriage take place in New England, and preferred not to go to her mother's home in Canada to claim his bride. The newly-wedded wife did not notice that there was a strange glitter in her husband's eyes, and a deeper tone than usual in his strong bass voice. Had she done so, she would have attributed his condition to suppressed excitement, and the intensity of his satisfaction in having as his wife the woman for whom he had waited in suspense so many long months.

III.

THE shadows of a November day gathered dense and dark about the little group that, surrounded an open grave in a large Canadian cemetery. In the midst of the small company stood a tall figure with drooping mien and bowed head, the picture of sorrowful despair. He was a heart-stricken man, suffering unutterable grief, and all the anguish that remorse and torturing conscience brings to the human soul. The solemn words of the funeral service fell as a knell upon his ear. "Earth to earth, dust to dust," was slowly repeated, and the awful thud, thud of the falling earth seemed to beat upon his own heart as it touched the coffin below. The mourner turned silently away; but as he stepped into his cab two strangers drew near, and laid their hands kindly, but firmly, upon his arm. They held a formidable document before the dejected man.

"Very sorry, sir, very sorry, sir, to intrude under the painful circumstances, but beg to say—ahem—to say—you are our prisoner."

"What? How? What do you mean?" exclaimed the startled and dazed man. "I don't understand."

"Read the warrant, sir. Old charge, you know—years ago. Very sorry sir, but we must do our duty."

There was only one wail of agony as the unhappy man crouched in the shelter of the carriage.

"O God! I had forgotten; but nothing matters now. My character gone, my name blasted, my prospects ruined—all gone! Oh, my Katie, my wife, my baby, my baby! Nothing matters now!"

IV.

THE grand old organ pealed forth its wonderful message. Like rising and falling ocean waves, dashing and beating upon a rock-bound coast, every succeed-



The Remorse of a Blighted Career.

ing water mountain gathering new force, and rushing on apparently to obliterate all obstacles, and encroach upon the tableland above; swelling and foaming, and starting back seemingly repulsed by some unseen power. Then the music changed and came as the soft sobbing of a tired sea, spent and worn with its restless tossings; lapping the pebbly shore, and seeking a resting place in its sandy bed. The professor's mood altered and he drifted into Handel's masterpiece, the "Messiah." He played on, now fervently, now softly, selections from the marvelous story, bursting into the triumphant Hallelujah Chorus with a mighty fortissimo. There seemed a new meaning in the old oratorio, and the congregation were deeply touched; lushed to profoundest stillness.

Then a stranger arose in a front pew. There was something in his appearance which instantly attracted the attention of all. The tall, bent form, the youthful face lined with unnatural furrows, and the premature grey hair, all made a striking personality. It required only his first sentence, spoken in a low, full, rich tone, to enlist an expectant hearing from all present. Bowing with cultured grace toward the pulpit, he began:

"Pardon me, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, for what may seem an untimely intrusion, but I have something to say that will not be without interest to some who are within the sound of my voice to-night. It is Christmas time, and perhaps some of you feel that you ought not to be reminded that there are among you dark and sad lives, as well as bright and glad ones. The story I have to tell, I regret to say, is not a happy one.

"From my early childhood I had all the advantages of good training and higher education. I was ambitious, my ideals were of a high character; I fully meant to win an exalted place for myself in the world.

"Study was my delight. I graduated from the University and was called to the bar. I had gifts and a well stored mind; success crowned my work; for a time nothing impeded my progress. But I had a dangerous proclivity, an hereditary one that had made havoc of my clever, prosperous father's life. I was gripped fast in its unyielding clutches, and rapidly passed into a state of moral deterioration. I think I must have been mad for a time; I needed money, never mind for what object, and took unlawful means to obtain it.

"When I realized what I had done I fled to distant States. I commenced life again. My abilities made me a place in the legal profession. My assumed name and my reckless abandon covered my tracks, and, strange to say, I again prospered. One of Canada's fairest daughters bestowed upon me woman's greatest gift to man—her pure, trusting love: I promised her I would for ever forsake the wine-cup; she knew, of course, nothing of the crime that had made me an outcast from my own land. I did not confess it; I was a coward, and I loved her as much as man ever loved woman and did not want to lose her. We were married. I did not wish her to return to Canada, her homeland, for I dare not do so. We were wealthy; every luxury was ours. Our elegant home was lighted by the brightness of her presence. Sunbeams

danced upon our doorstep, and peace reigned within our hearts; in her heart, I should say, for mine always held a tumult of fear and apprehension. Our felicity lasted but a brief period,

for my promises to her failed, and I gave way to weakness of which I am ashamed to speak. The old fever possessed me; it was stronger than my love for home, for wife, or child. I was like one of old who 'spent all,' and in one of my numerous attacks of delirium I unfolded to my poor Katie the story of all the guilty past.

She was a brave woman, true and firm, and though frightfully shocked, she uttered no word of reproach, but simply said, 'O George, dear, return to your own country, acknowledge your wrong, and make restitution; I will help you bear the disgrace.' I had not her resolute courage. Sometimes I would say, 'Katie, dearest wife, I will make amends, and face the consequences of my evil deed.'

"However, I drifted on, trying to regain some standing in my profession. Katie had lost confidence in me; she no longer trusted my word; and she drooped and faded, and when the precious blossom that for a short season had bloomed in our home-garden, shedding sweetness among the bitterness of our lives, was transplanted to another world, my beautiful wife followed."

The speaker's voice broke, and his frame shook convulsively.

"My pain was keen, because it was punctuated by the cruel sting of remorse. I was stunned; I knew not what to do; I had killed my wife after blighting her young life.

"One thought came to my almost petrified mind: my poor darling's remains should rest beneath the flowers and foliage in the family plot in her home city. I conveyed her there.

"I know not what happened, only that as I staggered from the yawning grave some officers of the law, for the crime I had forgotten, carried me straight to a prison cell."

Again there was a painful pause; the listeners pressed forward in their seats to catch every word, and many eyes were full of tears. After a visible effort to restrain the deep emotion which surged through his soul, and in breathless silence, George Montgomery went on:

"Of the days and months that followed I can tell you nothing—of the indictment, the trial, the impanelled jury, the committal. It is like one long dream of dumb mental agony. I was incarcerated in a prison cell; there was nothing for me in life, only failure behind me. I had broken my wife's heart, my loved child had been snatched from my arms by ruthless death. I thought that my despair would unseat my reason, and I wished it might do so. The unrelenting monotony of prison life, the loneliness of my narrow room, seemed more than I could bear. The very exercises every morning, in line with my fellow convicts, in the jail yard, were like the tramp of death. It seemed as if across the doorway of my cell was written Dante's inscription over the gateway of the Inferno, 'Banish hope, ye who enter here.' Death would have been welcome, but I could not die. I would have nothing to say to anyone; occasionally I attended the services in the chapel, but I heard and saw nothing, and was relieved to wend my way back to solitude.

"One day a sweet-faced, low-voiced, blue-clad lady addressed the men; a spark of my old chivalry seemed to kindle, and out of respect to her womanhood, I listened to her words. She spoke of hope for the hopeless; she described my condition as if she knew my special case, which, of course, she did not; and eloquently explained that, where human will and resolution failed to regenerate and make strong, Christ became the panacea; that His birth, death, and resurrection meant new life and liberty to all who would yield to His claims and trust Him.

"It was the first word that had penetrated the gloom in which I was enwrapped all through those weary months, and when she afterwards, without a word of censure, but with a gentle sympathy, spoke to me of sweet divine love, the shadow lifted and some of

my lost manhood revived, and I resolved that if there was a God in heaven I would become a new man. In the midnight darkness of my sky a day star is risen; the rebricate's glass enslaved me, but now I am free from its bondage. I am a broken, desolate man, but I go from your presence to-night to help and lift up my fellowmen as I have been helped and lifted up. Thank you for your kind hearing."

George Montgomery ceased speaking; the audience relaxed its intensity of listening, and suppressed sobs were heard from many parts of the building. George bowed silently and passed slowly down the church. The choir sang softly, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

In the streets, Christmas sights and sounds were everywhere evident; happy mothers and proud fathers were hastening home to pack mysterious parcels and prepare to make young hearts glad on the coming day; little children were dancing over the glistening snow in gleeful anticipation of what Christmas and St. Nicholas would bring to them. The distant chimes rang out merry chorals, and under the electric towers there passed a solitary man; but his erect carriage and firm step spoke of the great new purpose that filled his heart.

An Outpost Affair

A YOUNG man of Japan was traveling in the heart of the Mikado's Empire. Quite by accident—if such an event can be so called—a copy of "Fighting Christianity" (written by our Japanese Editor) fell into his hands. Having plenty of time at his disposal, he read it carefully through. From the first the book attracted him; next he became genuinely interested in its contents. Little by little the truths set forth took hold of his heart and filled his soul with a desire to know more about the blessed tidings of peace and goodwill. From that time, whether in rickshaw, train, or steamboat, the book and this would-be disciple of Jesus was inseparable. If, like the Ethiopian servant of Queen Candace, there had been at hand a Philip to enquire, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" he would doubtless have at once sought and obtained the priceless gift of God.

Deep impressions presently gave place to conviction, and he became at once very happy and abjectly miserable—happy because some tiny ray of Gospel light indicated to him the coming day, and miserable with a sense of the deep darkness in which he lived, and from which he would fain have full deliverance.

One day, when he left a steamer, he sought for a quiet place where he might pray. He wanted to be alone with God and nature. So he climbed to the summit of a great rock, and there, with "Fighting Christianity" in his hand, he found the Rock of Ages.

Nor is this the end of the story. Having clambered down from the "rock of destiny," the new convert made all haste to his native village, situated in the heart of Japan, where he called together his relatives and friends, to whom he related the story of his conversion. It was not long before some of their number had found Jesus. Within a month the joyful tidings reached our Tokio Headquarters that fourteen Salvation Army converts were anxious to receive a parcel of Army literature, in order to spread the good news of salvation among the people of the district.

Though this village does not figure on the Army's "Disposition of Forces" in the Far East, yet the converts are holding on, and the meetings, led by the reader of "Fighting Christianity," are of such a blessed and encouraging character that it is hoped that some day officers will be sent, and that this tiny, but thriving, "Outpost" will be a fully recognized corps.



A Model Junior Corps.

By R. C. Braund, J. S. S.-M.



My firm belief about our J. S. work is that year by year our Sabbath School adds more names to the permanent roll of the senior corps than all the efforts of the senior corps and the band put together.

On a recent Sunday afternoon I made a test and found that about two-thirds of the teachers and helpers in the local J. S. work had been converted as juniors in the S. A. and had become soldiers of the senior corps through the junior war. If this is so, it is imperative that very much more time and pains be expended on this branch of our work. I don't wish to say this just because I am a J. S. S.-M., and, therefore, directly interested in the work, but because I think nine-tenths of our officers and people pass by this most important branch of our work, and spend unnecessary energy and devotion in other ways, which, if directed in the channel of J. S. work, would produce results much more far-reaching and lasting.

Our J. S. work, we are thankful to say, is in a flourishing condition. We endeavor always to see that our motto is "Onward and Upward." Our attendance on Sundays averages about 120 and our collections average about \$2.50. We start sharp on time, with a salvation song from the song book, followed by prayer and the Lord's Prayer repeated by all, the S.-M. leading. We take care that all scholars get on their knees during prayers. Prayers over, we immediately form into classes, having separate rooms for the senior girls' class and senior boys' class, and the two little tots' classes. The intermediate classes form in the main part of the Sunday School. The Secretary and Treasurer of the

books and distributing of papers, etc. Our school closes by singing and prayer, the whole service having taken up about one hour and five or ten minutes.

We have a nice library, which is in charge of Brother Watson Butcher, with some 800 books, enclosed in three glass-front cases, each book having a separate compartment for



Three Corps-Cadets of Peterboro.

itself, numbered to correspond with the book number. The checking is so contrived that once a scholar gets a book he must return it before he can get another. This is done by a library check, which is put in the space of the book given out. To get another book you have to bring the first one back to release your check. We find it works well.

Our hearts are in the work, and we enjoy it as a feast to see the little ones take in the lessons from Sunday to Sunday.

J. S. work then proceed to distribute to the classes the J. S. Company Registers and tickets, while the J. S. S.-M. sees that all the classes have their teachers, and also tries to call in any strangers hanging around the door or in the senior hall. About thirty minutes are taken up with the lesson. The Secretary then proceeds to gather up the registers and collection, while with the ring of the S.-M.'s bell all the classes are called to the main junior hall for the review of the lesson, which lasts about ten minutes. Next the Secretary reads the report of the day's proceedings, which is followed by giving out of library

J. S. Workers of Peterboro Corps.

Our Bible class for teachers and seniors, Sunday morning at 9.30, and taught by the Rev. Wm. Bennett, is very instructive, and brings great blessing to us, and Mrs. Bennett says it does him as well.

We wish the junior war God-speed, and trust it will roll on faster than ever. You can depend on us doing our part for God and the Army's juniors.

Peterboro J. S. Workers.

THE staff of Peterboro junior teachers consists of twenty men and women who have laid themselves out to make their work a success.

J. S. S.-M. Braund is an old soldier of the corps. He was an officer in the early days, but on account of ill health withdrew honorably from the ranks. As a soldier, bandsman, and J. S. Sergeant-Major, he has rendered faithful service to the corps, and deserves much credit for the present standing of the J. S. work of Peterboro. He is assisted by the following:

Sergt.-Major Vincent, who came from the Old Land about two and a-half years ago, and now leads the Band of Love.

Capt. Mav Lang, who was converted thirteen years ago, was a junior in the corps, and now leads the Senior Boys' Company.

Sergt. and Mrs. Naish, both old soldiers from England, who have been in this country for two years.

Mrs. J. T. Braund, an early soldier of Peterboro, and, with Capt. Lang, one of the first juniors.

Sergt. Mrs. Rountlev, who has been in the Army from infancy.

Sergt. Mrs. Meek, a faithful soldier and valuable help.

Then there are Sergt. Mildred Bacon; Mrs. C. S. Greene, a former junior; Sergt. Mrs.

Messer; Mrs. T. Lang;

Sergt. Mrs. Gadd

and her father;

Sergt. Boor-

man; Sergt.

Mrs. Brown;

the two Brothers

Watson and William

Butcher, both brought up in

the Army; Sister Maud Firm,

our new J. S. Treasurer; Sister

Maud Miller, the organist, and

the Rev. Wm. Bennett, who

for the past five years has led

the Senior Bible Class, takes

the War Cry and Army

publications, and is, in fact,

a Salvationist at heart.



Memories of the Great Congress.



An
Australian
Delegate.

SALVATIONISTS, as a rule, find little time for retrospection. "On, on and still on!" is the pace our invincible General has set the Salvation Army; with flying colors, the sound of cymbal and brass, and singing, we follow from conquest to conquest. The ever-pressing claims of the war upon us, we plan, and scheme, and look ahead in our spare moments when we are not actually "doing something," which makes it very possible for us to ignore what triumphs we have had in the past in the strenuous efforts after the desired achievements which lie temptingly before us.

While it is right and proper that the immediate opportunities at our feet should claim our first and undivided attention, yet we must not forget that reflection has its place in the building of character, in the making of strong men and efficient warriors, and in the moulding of the saint. It is the quality that turns into wisdom whatever knowledge a man acquires, and without it men are "ever learning, but never coming to a knowledge of the truth."

Again, great events in which we are participating cannot be rightly estimated until some time has elapsed, and, so to speak, a distance has been placed between the event and ourselves, and we have gained a perspective. It is just as impossible to guess the proper height of a tower when we are in it, or stand close to its walls. Let us see it from a distance, when we can compare it with other smaller constructions, with surrounding buildings or other eminences, and we get a correct impression of its dimensions.

The writer will never forget the impression of the colossal Cologne Cathedral, when he beheld its huge dimensions rise high above the blanket of mist that partly hid the city from sight of the passengers on the Brussels train. Seeing the cathedral afterwards from the square on which it stands revealed all the exquisite details of masonry, but it could in no wise convey an adequate idea of the greatness of the whole. So to-day, in the memory of those who had the glorious privilege to be units of the great Congress, its immensity and grandeur stand out in titanic shape from the multitude of minor events. It was a glorious summarized reflection of the Army's past.

♦ ♦ ♦

THAT the Salvation Army has been for many years, and is to-day, one of the chief factors working to bring the nations of the earth together was strikingly illustrated at the Congress in a manner that London in particular, and the world in general, had never realized before. The en-

tire British press and numerous papers of many lands gave exceptional prominence to the recognition of that fact. Nearly thirty languages were spoken by the S. A. delegates, and Salvationists are linguists. Many of the foreign representatives were able to speak the practical, prosaic English, but there was plenty of opportunity to hear the smooth French, the musical Italian, the guttural German, and its softer sister voices of the Scandinavian people, the hearty Dutch, as well as the more strange tongues of Indians, Hindoos, Singalese, Japanese, etc. There was, indeed, a greater variety of languages than were heard in Jerusalem at Pentecost.

The Congress was a wonderful realization of the brotherhood of man in Christ Jesus, beneath the one flag of Yellow, Red, and Blue.

♦ ♦ ♦

A GAINST this kaleidoscopic background of many nationalities there stands, out one figure, clear and strong, like a rock in the surf, the central germ of the magnificent growth, the virile, pulsing heart of the great globe-encircling Army—the General. Everything centres round him; and from this modern prophet emanate inspired thoughts, clothed in language of fire, which thrill the hearts of thousands, stirring their souls with nobler impulses, confound-

ing nations and colors were represented, and from the uttermost parts of the earth, but from the General down we were as "one" family. Embued with the Spirit of Calvary, and living for "one" great and noble purpose—the world's Salvation.—J. S. Pugnire, Lieut. Colonel.

♦ ♦ ♦

I WAS greatly impressed with the clock-like regularity with which all the arrangements for the Congress, etc., were carried out, the very favorable reports made by the public press, the number of the nobility and clergy who were present daily at the public gatherings, the friendliness of the man in the street, and the interest manifested on every hand by all classes.

The superb singing of the Songsters in the Crystal Palace was some of the finest it has ever been my privilege to listen to, and I was impressed above all with the wonderful strength and endurance of the General.—Capt. Tudge.

♦ ♦ ♦

WHEN a person finds himself for the first time in the great City of London, with its massive buildings, crowded streets, and historic sights, it is rather difficult to say just what impresses him most. I might, however, just mention a few things that made the deepest impress on my mind.

1st. The courtesy shown by policemen and the public in general.

2nd. The manner in which the press interested itself in the Army, and how eulogistic it was of the General and his work.

3rd. The Army itself—its magnitude, the unity of heart and purpose among all nationalities.

4th. The General himself—his earnestness, his hard work and plenty of it, his unwavering adherence to his first principles—the salvation of the world.

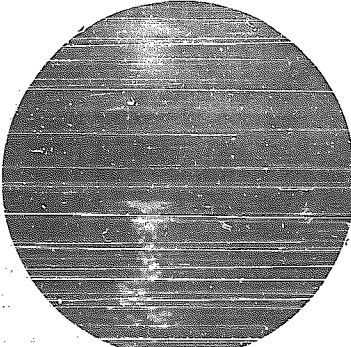
I shall never to get his charge, given by himself, to his people at the great Albert Hall, when he indiscriminately made all feel their obligation to God for their own salvation and the salvation of all men, notwithstanding that many of England's greatest men were present.—C. W. Creighton.

My Visit to Mile End Waste.

TO see the exact spot where our honored General started the Salvation Army was always a chief ambition of mine. Shortly after my arrival in London I saw, one Sunday evening, I took a bus and rode direct to Whitechapel Road, and soon, by a few enquiries, I located the place where this mighty Salvation Oak took root. I am not, in this short story, going to give a description of the feelings of my heart as I stood there, except that it appeared to me to be an ideal birthplace for our beloved Army.

"Gold rings for a penny," a lean, calver-faced individual shouted in the midst of the roughest, toughest lot of people I had ever seen.

I pressed my way into the crowd, eager to see the prize for a penny. "These are," continued the fakir, "are made of 18 karat gold. They are hall-marked. I am the representative of three of the leading daily



An English Coast Scene.

ing the sceptics, and captivating hard-headed business men. It is a convincing demonstration that one converted character, exemplifying the principles of Christ's teaching, is worth a thousand books and lovely theories, and a host of powerless—because raceless—preachers, even if bred in the best colleges of the earth. It reminds us that God is a personality, not a principle; Him we must worship, not His laws or His book. Jesus' teaching was essentially to the heart—He taught by living, and loving, and doing good, although sternness, which are the very essence of sound logic, are not wanting. So the Congress has emphasized the fact that the secret of the General's success is the man himself.—Bruno Friedrich, Editor.

Snapho's.

THE grandest thing about the International Congress was its spirit of unity. Many



A Dutch Lassie.



A Day at the Haulough Farm Colony.

newspapers of London, to sell these rings on a wager. My duty is to stand here for a quarter of an hour. I have already been here for eleven minutes, and simply tell you the rings are of 18 karat gold, are half-marked, and offer them to you for a penny each. It matters not in the least to me whether you buy or not."

The people crowded around, staring in astonishment at such a wonderful offer. Strange, however, only a couple of rings were sold—one to a lady, and one to myself; I was anxious to prove the truth of my surmises that the seller was a fraud.

The ring, of course, was not made of gold; a brilliant-looking affair in the gas-light, but a proof of the saying, truly, that "all is not gold that glitters."

A man to the right engaged me in con-



A Danish Songster.

versation, but probably not as interestedly as he would have liked, because I was sufficiently on the alert to feel a very gentle tug at my watch-chain. As quick as thought I felt for my watch and it was gone! It was only a matter of a few seconds for me to take in the situation. Glancing from right to left I looked for a suspicious character. The next instant I grappled with an individual on my left who had his back toward me, and drew him quickly out of the crowd.

"My watch," I said.

My prisoner was extremely uncommunicative and an-



A German Officer from Alsace.

swered not a single word. "Give me my watch," said I, in a stern voice as I could command, looking into the awful face of a wicked-looking wretch.

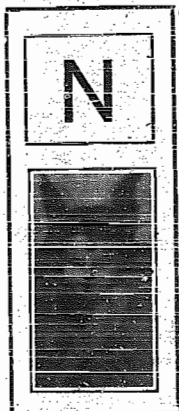
He still hesitated.

"Give me my watch," I said finally. "or I shall give you in charge of a policeman. Give me my property, and you can go free this time."

Silently and quickly the thief drew my hand down to his, and in a flash restored me my watch, keeping his eyes still upon me, and cautioning me not to follow, lost him in the crowd.—F. M.

SAVED THROUGH A SONG.

A PLEA FOR THE CAROL SINGERS.



NO doubt there are two ways of regarding carol singing. Looking at it from the light of the peevish hypochondriac who has been startled from a feverish slumber at two or three o'clock in the morning by an unusual bustle in the front garden, followed by a more or less harmonious uplifting of voices, accompanied (in tune, perhaps) by the braying of an assertive cornet or the husky wheeze of a panting accordion, and followed by an imperative rap at the front door and a demand for blackmail in the shape of a bribe to transfer their undesirable patronage to a more remote neighborhood, it is, no doubt, an unmitigated nuisance. But on the other hand, how sweet to the Christian sounds the glad reminder of the approaching birthday of "Salvator Mundi"—the Saviour of the world—as the voices of the singers steal into and mingle with his heavenly dreams, and how gladly and ungrudgingly does he rise and bestow his blessing and his mite on the expectant choir outside. To him the name of Jesus has hallowed the song in His praise, and, however imperfect the rendering, the thoughts engendered by its words have brought a blessing to his soul as he realizes that for him Christ was not born in vain. And who can tell, before the day when all things are unveiled, to how many the name of Jesus uttered in song in the stillness and solemnity of the midnight hour, has brought serious thoughts leading to repentance and salvation. Sometimes, indeed, as if to encourage us, results come to light, as the following instance will show.

Last Christmas Eve a merry party of carol singers left one of our Homes with the intention of spending an "all night" for the glory of God and the advantage of the finances of the Home. Two of the Home cats were well filled with a tinful of corn. Salvation lads and lasses, and organ and organist shipped, and with many a happy jest and laugh, the heralds of salvation (or murderers of sleep, according to some) set out on their self-imposed labor of love. After sundry adventures and many devious wanderings through unknown territory, the little band found themselves, in the small hours of the morning, somewhere in the back-blocks of Merivale, or thereabouts. While the vocalists were announcing the glad tidings of the hour to the neighborhood at large, one of the Sergeants of the party, who had been appointed to the humble, but necessary, capacity of

visiting the houses for largesse, wandered in his quest to the junction of two streets some little distance from the carts. Here, beneath the light of a solitary lamp, he was accosted by a man who had apparently been celebrating the occasion according to his own ideas, and was now wending his homeward way after a carouse.

"I say, young fellow, what's the singing about?"

"Christmas carols, for the benefit of the Home," replied the Sergeant; "won't you give us something? It's for a good cause—" and was proceeding to expatiate on the claims of the Home when the reveler interrupted him.

"My God! Do you hear that voice that sounds over the others? The girl's voice I mean—the clear one—you can hear it every now and then right above the rest."

His manner had changed, and showed strange nervous excitement; his voice was quick and jerky.

The Sergeant looked down the street to where the carts stood in a lurid patch of crimson light cast by the torches, contrasting strongly with the blackness of the tree-shaded street. He listened attentively and easily distinguished the voice the stranger referred to.

"As sure as I am standing here, that voice is either the voice of my poor dead Nell, or I am dreaming." He caught the Sergeant's arm excitedly, and continued: "There, hear it again!" and down the lane, wafted on the sable wings of the night breeze, came the sweet lines of the old song—

"Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

"There, she has stopped! Oh, why doesn't she sing all the time and let the others stop?" The Sergeant silently wished so, too, as he was a huge admirer of the same voice. Then came the victorious refrain—

"Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the newborn King!"

and the sweet, pure voice rose and swelled on the still night air as if the singer knew what was being accomplished by God through her instrumental y of His glorious gift to her.

The poor fellow burst into tears—mudlin tears they may have been, but they showed a contrite heart.

"She was my only child," he said, "she died last year—only sixteen, too. I always kept straight when I had her and her mother; but now they are both gone. Such a voice she had, too, always singing and lirting about the house like a lark. I shall never hear it again."

"She is singing now anthems to Jesus Himself, and if you seek the right way you will hear her and her mother again in a few short years," said the Sergeant earnestly, and with a refined disregard of the ethics of the so-called "Higher Christianity," which would

keep everyone underground until the Day of Judgment, and spoil the happy anticipations of meeting loved ones that cheer the Christian on his deathbed.

"Oh, I wish I was sure! I wish I was sure!" moaned the poor fellow, grasping the Sergeant's hand convulsively. The latter pointed the way in a few words, and with a handshake and a short prayer to the great Healer of all wounds, returned to his companions with food enough for reflection for that evening.

Now for the sequel. A few days ago, and some nine months after the above little incident, the Sergeant was in the midst of his usual business round in the city, when he was accosted by a respectable-looking man who asked him if he were not one of a party that was carolling last Christmas Eve.

"Yes," replied the Sergeant, somewhat nervously, for visions of a newly-wed and stone verandah, spoiled on that occasion by the explosion of a kerosene torch, flitted across his mind.

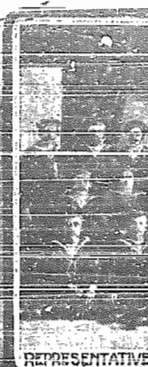
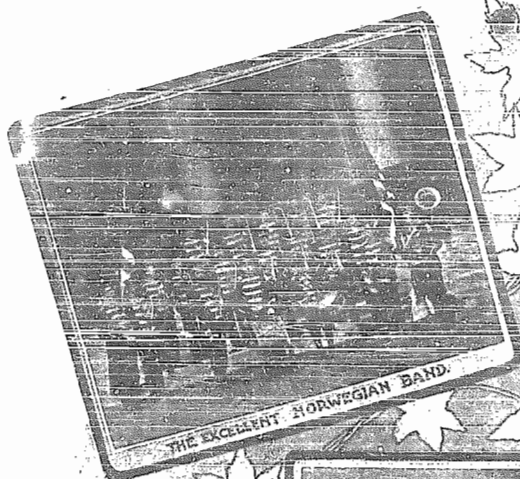
"I thought I recognized you; don't you remember me? You know—the chap that stuck you up and spoke about his little Nell's voice. Yes, I thought you would. I have been wishing to see you for some time, and would have called or written only I didn't know your name."

"And how it is with you?" queried the Sergeant.

"Well, thank God," earnestly and emphatically replied the man. "I went home that night miserable and unhappy. I had had a little drink, but not enough to make me sleep, and as I lay tossing about, I heard that girl's voice singing over and over again. 'God and sinners reconciled.' I knew I was bad, and weak, and sinful; but I thought, suppose I should lose the chance of seeing Nellie again? Next day, and the day after, I kept thinking over it, and on the Sunday I saw the minister after service, and, thank God, He pardoned me, and ever since I have been happy because every day the time is drawing nearer when we shall meet."

There can be no doubt that this instance is but one of many where salvation has been the result of song. But even were this the one solitary case of conversion throughout New Zealand as the result of the carolling last Christmas Eve, it would more than justify the reckoning of the efforts to be made on the Christmas Evens to come.

One word to the individual singers themselves. Surely such an instance as this should be a lesson to those whom God has endowed with the glorious gift of a melodious voice to use that one talent to the very utmost—to lay it out at the highest rate of usury—instead of, metaphorically speaking, wrapping it in a napkin and burying it in the ground, as, unfortunately, too many possessors of the divine gift of harmony are inclined to do. How beautiful it will be, we sweet-voiced singers of Jesus, to meet in heaven one after another of the beautiful souls whom, all unknown to you, your voice and faith have led from the flower-strewn by-ways of sin into the paths of righteousness, and who have been, like the poor drunkard of the above incident, saved through a song.—M.

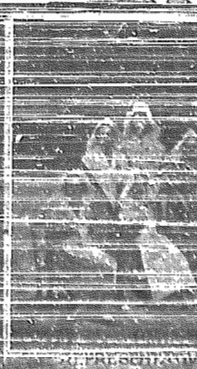
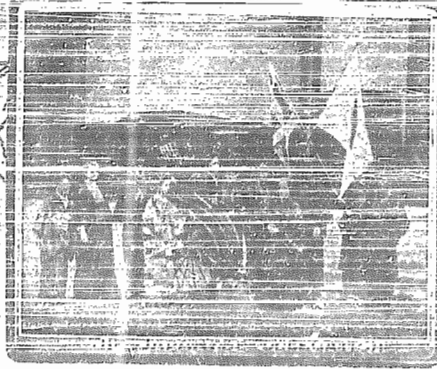


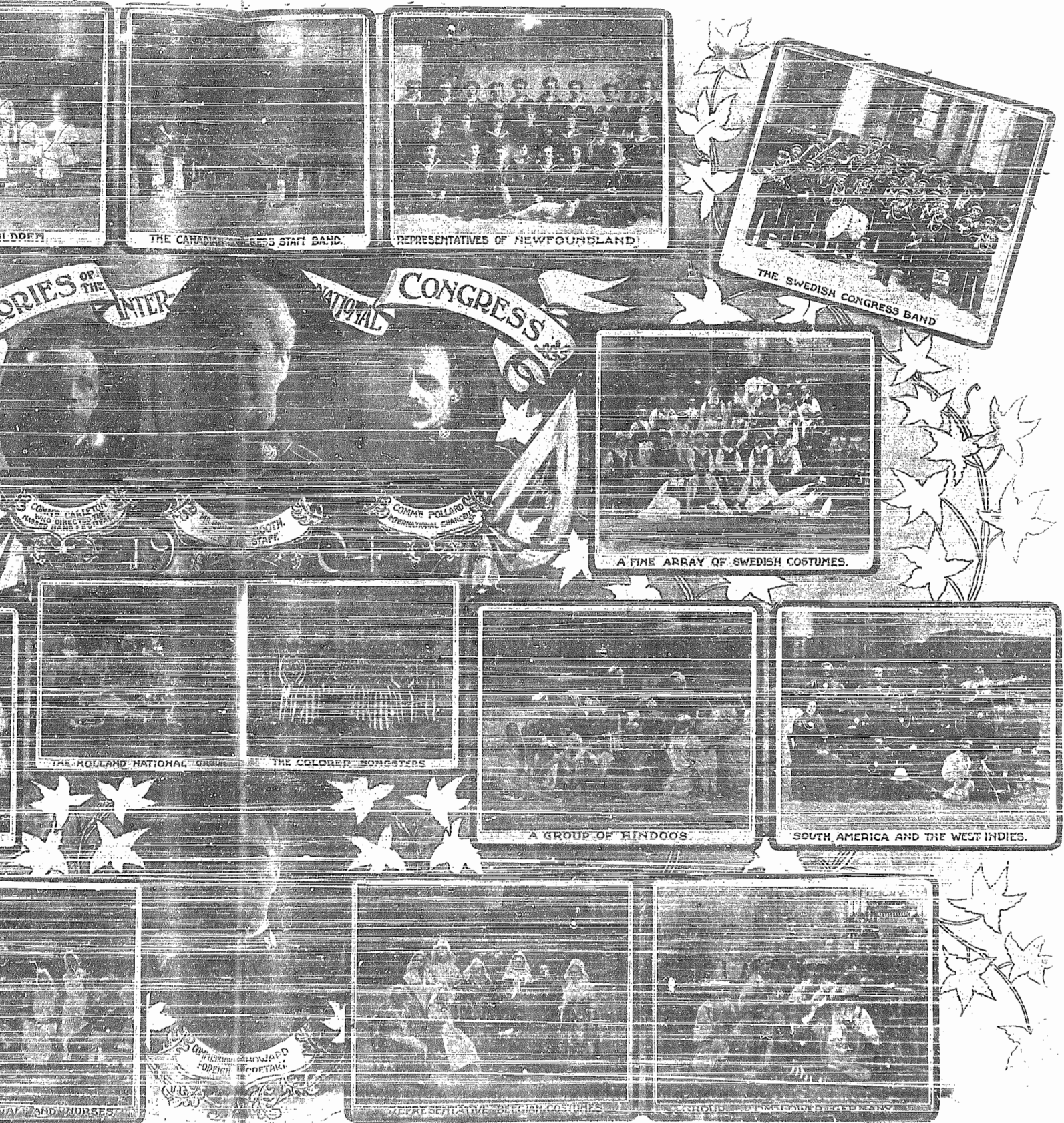
MEMORIES OF THE

INTER-

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CONG





ORIES OF THE

INTER-

CONGRESS

COMTE CARLTON
WHO DIRECTED THE
MUSICAL PART OF THE

COMTE POLARDO
INTERNATIONAL CHANCELLOR

BOOTH STAFF

COMTE POLARDO
INTERNATIONAL CHANCELLOR

THE SWEDISH CONGRESS BAND

A FINE ARRAY OF SWEDISH COSTUMES.

THE ROLLAND NATIONAL GROUP

THE COLORED SONGSTERS

A GROUP OF HINDOOS.

SOUTH AMERICA AND THE WEST INDIES.

AND NURSES

COMTE CARLTON
WHO DIRECTED THE
MUSICAL PART OF THE

REPRESENTATIVE BERGIAN COSTUMES

A GROUP OF BERGIAN COSTUMES

"Though He Slay Me."

A Story of the Thames Embankment.

By Lieut.-Colonel Mildred Duff, Editor of the British Young Soldier.

AND tell them, Colonel," the old man said, pausing once more at the door of my office, "tell them He will never deceive them. It is our doubts and fears that rob us of our blessings, not the Lord," and Dad went off down the passage, his head erect, his step light as that of a boy, and joy shining from his eyes; back to the great Blackfriars Shelter, in which he has faith to believe God will let him work till he is called home.

I so wish, instead of reading this story in cold type, that you could have heard him tell it!

In his young days Dad had been an inveterate poacher; he loved the misty mornings in the woods, and delighted in snaring and trapping game of all kinds.

But one beautiful Sunday in June, he sought himself out a quiet place among the brushwood—a patch of grass all surrounded by trees, and he drew out of his pocket a little old book, which his sister had given him, with entreaties that he would read it, and yield himself to God.

He had read half a page, when—ah! the words were surely pressed home by her persistent, pleading prayers—it seemed as though all the sins of his life stood before him, and his own conscience denounced his doings.

For two hours the young man knelt there before God, weeping, confessing his sins, and seeking pardon; but before he left the grassy space, he knew that he had become a child of God. He had seen the Saviour by faith, there on the cross, for his salvation, and he went back home converted.

The next day, Monday, saw him seeking for work, and for fifty years Dad has lived a consistent, godly life.

A local preacher, and a lover of the Army, whenever possible he has had a word in our open-air up and down the land, and though he lost his wife, and his nine children passed on before him to the Better Land, his faith and love to God never faltered.

Dad was 79 years of age when the wave of ruin broke over him, leaving him stranded among the unemployed and destitute. He had been working for a contractor, using his own earnings, till the painting and decorating job on which he was employed was finished; but the week in which he handed in his bill saw his employer bankrupt, so that his sad of the £300 that was owing to him, he got a shilling in the pound, and ruin stared him in the face.

"Didn't you ever expect to doubt the love of God, whom you had served so many years?" I asked, but he shook his head with a smile.

"No," he said. "I felt, perhaps I had been counting too much on the money. But I knew that what my Father allowed was for the best. I could not doubt Him."

"What did you do, Dad?" I asked. "Well," he said, "I got a job here and there, as best I could; nothing lasting, for everywhere I was met with the answer, 'Too old,' but I could get a week's work, and that would keep me going till I got another few days, and so on."

man like you to be turned out on the world."

"Well, of course," answered Dad. "The devil would say to me sometimes, 'Why don't you have a drink, it will cheer you up? No one will see you go into the public-house, and it will do you all the good in the world.'"

But then I answered back, 'My Jesus will see me, and I would rather die than grieve Him.' And that was how I conquered over and over again."

Three years Dad lived like this, and then, tramping on foot from Wales, he got a week's work at Swindon, a town on the way to London.

"If you can wait a bit, perhaps we'll have some more for you," said his employer kindly.

But the old man's position was too desperate; he could not afford to wait. He must get something to do or starve, and so he pushed on to London, and reached Farringdon Street with just one penny in his pocket.

He spent that penny for bread, and turned down—as so many have done—before him—on to the Embankment.

It was the month of October, and the nights were growing very long and cold. All Friday night he sat there on one of the iron seats, now and then going for a little stroll up and down to warm himself.

All Saturday he looked for work, but an old man, of 82—and, tempted as he might be, Dad could not tell a lie about his age—who would take him on?

And so the second night he turned back again to the broad road beside the river, and sank on one of the seats, faint and weary.



Destitute on the Thames Embankment in Old Age.

"But how did you feel as you sat there, Dad?" I asked. "Didn't you think it was hard of God not to provide for you after all the years you had served Him? Didn't you think He might, at any rate, have given you a roof over your head?"

"Why, no, Colonel," he said, "that thought never came to my mind! I trusted Him, you see. He had led me all my life—I had not seen His hand in everything—and I knew that I could not go far wrong under His care. If He wanted me to pass away, and die there on the Embankment, I was quite ready for heaven. No, no!" and Dad shook his head. "It is many a year since the devil got me into Doubting Castle, many a year, thank God; it is a bad place to be in. Besides, that text came to me as I sat there, 'As having nothing, and yet possessing all things,' and though I was hungry, and cold, and famillike, I was happy in myself."



"One beautiful Sunday in June he sought himself out a quiet place among the brushwood."

"And what did you do, Dad?" I asked.

"Well, I thought I'd go up to Fleet Street for a little; but a voice seemed to say to me, 'No; stay where you are, the police won't move you on if you are not asleep.' So I sat still and just prayed, 'Lord, open my way, so that, if it will be Thy will, I may get food and shelter,' and not five minutes later a Salvation Army officer came along in uniform and gave me a ticket for the Blackfriars Free Breakfast, on Sunday morning."

"What did you think, Dad?" I asked.

"I don't know what I thought," he replied. "I just took it from the Lord; but when I got inside the Shelter, and saw the hundreds of men, and could sit in the warmth, and get my food and tea, I was surprised. 'O ten as I had given the Army a little help by the way, I never knew they had such a place as that.'"

"And then what happened?"

"They gave me some work to do, and I have been there ever since."

"And you're going to stay in, Dad?" I said.

"Yes," he answered. "Please God: I believe they're going to let me stay on at Blackfriars till I go to heaven. I have been there two years, and it is real home to me, you know. I help at the bar, and I do the disinfecting, and any painting there is, and God gives me many a chance of a word with the men. I am nearly 80 now, but I think I shall live another ten yet, for I am not ill, nor crippled. My heart's at peace, you see. I have no cares or worries, for the Lord bears them all, bless His dear name."

And with all my heart I echoed Dad's "Amen!"



Her Last Night

girl's resemblance, to "Genevieve La Tour," he made inquiries, and soon found out that Nelly was her daughter. A week or so later he returned to the village ostensibly for a summer holiday.

It did not take him long to win Nelly's confidence, and she would have fallen in with his offers to have her voice trained had it not been for her grandmother. Mrs. Norton steadily refused to having any high whatever to do with the stranger, and refused to allow Nelly to leave her. To all appearances the stranger gave in gracefully and left. But he secretly gave his address to Nelly.

"Perhaps some day you will feel you'll have to come," he said; "and as like yours cannot be hidden, it must out, and it would be selfish to pen up that marvelous voice in a little village. Good-bye, my child; if ever you need me, you know where to find me."

He was not surprised when, a few months later, she presented herself at his door.

"I just had to come," she said; "I couldn't stand it any longer."

This was the beginning of Nelly's artistic career. She had achieved success—has it, success according to the level of those she sang and danced, and mimicked for, but she was not the sort of artistic careful mothers and eminently respectable husbands and lovers took their daughters to hear.

So the years passed by, and as they passed drew had fine lines on Nelly's baby face.

But one short hour had completely changed the whole tenor of Nelly's life. The troupe had found themselves in a country town with a sale evening on their hands, and had wandered out after supper in parties of threes, and fives, and twos, according to inclination, to find out what the place afforded in the way of amusement. Nelly and her set had found a Salvation Army meeting, and went in, expecting to find something to laugh at. But there was nothing funny in it for Nelly. Everything, even the most ignorant soldier's testimony, went to her soul, and at the close

she went out to the altar, a great longing to "be made good" in her heart.

Her party had no idea that she was in earnest; they thought it was one of Nelly's wild jokes. But the Captain's wife knew it wasn't a joke, and prayed hard that the Lord would help this girl in her new life, for she knew that "vain is the help of man."

"I must leave the stage," Nelly had said to her, as the kindly woman put an arm around her at parting.

"Yes, dear, to be sure," she had said; "come and see me when you can—22 Pembroke Street. God bless you!"

"I've just signed for a year," Nelly said next day, as she sat in the cheerful, but somewhat threadbare, bed-room of Mrs. Captain Jones.

"Dear, dear, what a pity," that lady answered, putting her finger through a tiny stocking-hole, and with a vague and hazy idea of what "signing for a year" meant. "Well, the Lord knows. He'll make it all come out straight."

"Will He? Are you sure?" cried poor Nelly, eagerly. "I don't see how."

"Surely He will, dearie; He's made a way for me many a time; Captain and me, we'll both pray hard for you. You just do what the Lord tells you to."

The manager quite lived up

to all the Captain's opinion of

him when Nelly told him

she was saved and wanted

to leave the music

hall for ever. He

cursed, and

swore, and

reg'd, and

said that

nothing

would in-

duce him

to let her

break her

contract.

"No," he

said "no-

AFTER it was all over—the music, the songs, the kindly hand-claps, the clasp of old companions—one main fact stood out clear and definite before little Nell. It kept insistently repeating itself in her tired and whirling brain: "I must leave the stage! I must leave the stage!"

She banged and bolted the door of her hotel room, sat down on the edge of her bed, threw off her hat and cloak, pushed back the mass of frizzled hair that covered her forehead, and remarked aloud:

"I must give up the stage; I just must. There's no other way to keep good."

For a problem that appeared already solved it seemed to be attended with considerable anxiety, to judge by Nelly's expression. She was a round, baby-faced little thing, at least one would have said she was "baby-faced" were it not for certain hard lines around mouth and eyes. Her golden hair and unusually large eyes and brilliant complexion gave her the appearance of a wax doll. The present grave and serious aspect sat strangely upon her artificiality.

There was by no means a strange story. Her mother had run away from a godly home for a career in a music hall. When she was dying she sent for her mother and gave into her charge her baby girl, who would soon be absolutely alone in the world.

"Lying her up good, mother, whispered Ellen far away from all this sort of hanging, and on her way from him. Not that I think he'll ever bother his head about her. He'll be but a bad father, would Jack."

The night pretty, once-winsome Ellen Norton died, and after the funeral the orphaned and infant girl child set their faces toward the quiet country village, where a poor woman's life had been lived. She did her best to fulfil her daughter's dying request, but there was something in the child that defied her training.

Nelly seemed to be born with a deep-rooted antipathy to all restraint. She was a pretty, affectionate little thing, a great favorite in the village, and it was with a sad heart her grandmother saw in her a great loss of praise that grew steadily with her growth. Anybody could butter Nelly into doing anything. A word of praise was a spur the child could never resist.

When between five and six years old she developed a sweet, true, bird-like voice, and an irresistible power of mimicry: her grandmother trembled for her future. And when the neighbors remarked how like she was to her mother, a cold hand seemed to clutch at her heart.

Naturally, Nelly was in great demand for school festivals and Sunday School entertainments, and a little later at local concerts. It was at one of these an old member of her mother's troupe heard her. He had dropped in to while away an hour or two of waiting for a belated train. Struck with the



"My God!" shouted a big man sitting in front, "let me out of this. I can't stand it. My mother used to sing it."

thing in heaven or earth. You appear ready to sing on Monday night, or it'll be the worse for you!"

This was Saturday evening. Sunday, Nelly spent with the officers. She told them all that passed.

"I don't know what to do," she said. "We can only do one thing," replied the Captain, "pray." Now, God knows exactly what He wants you to do, and He will direct you; He's promised, and He never breaks a promise. We'll all pray."

That evening, as they sat at supper, Nelly said:

"Do you know, Captain, it's the strangest thing, but I feel as though I must appear to-morrow night in the hall."

"It is strange," said the Captain, "and I've had exactly the same feeling. I confess I don't understand it."

"God's ways are not our ways," murmured Mrs. Captain. "I only know that it's going to come out all right."

Nelly lay awake the greater part of that night thinking and praying. She was not worrying; she was only wondering. It all seemed so very strange. She was sure God had told her that she would have to leave the stage—made her see right from the first that she would have to. And now after she had prayed and prayed He seemed to be leading her straight back to it.

"Maybe if I knew more about God I would understand it all," she said to herself. "The Captain said the Lord knew, and would make it all come out right, so I'll just leave it. I can't do anything else."

And with that Nelly went straight to sleep, and slept till far into the morning. She did not practising that day. Somehow she couldn't. When she turned over her music to select the songs for the pianist she blushed with shame.

"Oh, how could I ever have sung this?" she cried, throwing several sheets upon the floor, and covering her face with her hands.

She had another revision of feeling as she dressed for the stage that evening. How she loathed the abominable tights, the despangled skirt, the low waist. As before, she resorted to prayer, and again the same sweet peace was restored to her. As she responded to her call, a holy atmosphere wrapped her round, and she might have been going into the house of God rather than a popular music hall. Mechanically she responded to the wild clapping that greeted her appearance. Nelly was distinctly a star in her own line.

The pianist asked her if she wanted an accompaniment, and she said, "No," wondering all the time why she said so,

for her first song of the evening certainly demanded one. She saw as in a dream the manager's pleased face, as he stood rubbing his hands in the wings; she noted the bestial crowd before her, the odor of strong drink was in her nostrils; it seemed as though nothing escape her notice.

The applause died down, and Nelly opened her mouth to recount the vagaries of "Sweet little Mamie Delaney." But Mamie's escapades with her many lovers were not to be exploited there to-night, and instead of the first sprightly notes, to the intense surprise of everybody, Nelly herself most of all, there floated through the hall, to an old, old tune—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

She sang the first verse, but it seemed impossible that she was singing. She was as much amazed as the open-eyed crowd before her or the white-faced manager in the wings. Then, suddenly, the lost condition of that crowd flashed before her. She forgot all, and with a pleading pathos that none who heard will ever forget, she sang the second verse—

"Could my tears for ever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know."

Cigars went out, shaking hands set down glasses, faced grew white and scared; it was indeed a solemn moment.

"In my hands no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling."
Nelly had forgotten everything now but this priceless opportunity. Never had anyone ever heard her sing like this.

"While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death."

"My God!" shouted a big man sitting in front, "let me out of this. I can't stand it. My mother used to sing it," and with shaking steps he made for the door, while the closing strains of the song his mother sang floated after him. He was followed by many others; women with their handkerchiefs to their eyes were led out by men scarcely less moved. In vain the next performer tried to restore mirth; a something stronger than man was at work.

Nelly was met behind the scenes by an irate manager. With many oaths he thrust the contract upon her and bade her go.

"For heaven's sake, go!" he almost yelled. "Get away quick, quick!" And wrapping a dark cloak about her finery Nelly sped off into the night, the happiest girl in the town.

"Praise God, praise God!" cried the Captain, half an hour later. "This is wonderful! I knew He would work! Surely He gave you 'a mouth and wisdom,' and all your adversaries were unable to gainsay and resist."

Since that day Nelly has sung hundreds of souls into the Kingdom from Salvation Army platforms.—L. W. C.

Into the Wilderness.

An Up-to-Date Experience of a Salvation Soldier.

By Sydney Church.

WERE you willing to follow Christ all the way, into the wilderness, in the streets, among the outcast, to Gethsemane, to the Judgment Hall, even to the cross? Are you willing to suffer, live, or die, for your Lord crucified? These words, spoken from an S. A. platform one night, took hold of a soldier. As he went home he mused on it. Am I willing to follow Christ into the wilderness? What can that mean? Does God want us to go to some secluded place in order to try and prove our love for Him amidst temptations? If so, I am perfectly willing to go; but no doubt He will make it clear to me what is His will concerning this.

He had not long to wait. By a chain of circumstances, fitting link by link into one another, he found himself reduced from comparative affluence to direst poverty. He had done no evil, he had held fast to God, and ex-

actly why all these things occurred rather perplexed him.

We find him, therefore, in a seaport town, with less than a dollar in his pocket, no employment, and several bills falling due in a short time. What was he to do?

The devil said, "Run away—you have no family ties—leave the bills unpaid; the fools trusted you, do 'em over. There is a ship leaving shortly; you can work a passage to another country on her, and there you'll find work and have plenty of everything. What's the good of staying here to starve and wander about the streets?"

He was tempted greatly, and sought for guidance in God's Word. This verse burned into his memory, "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want for any good thing."

Triumphantly he cried, "I will trust the Lord; He will supply all my need."

Once again faith gained the victory. God came to his help and supplied his every need. The bills were paid, work was found, and a soul saved from plunging into evil ways.

As Christ overcame the temptation to distrust His Father, so had this soul overcome by reliance on God's written word. He had proved again that "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

He was triumphant. His testimony was clear and rang with the note of victory. Subtly the devil led him to a great height. He was now on a pinnacle of the temple, and confident that he would never fall after coming through such an experience.

He desired now to obtain more lucrative employment. He could only do so by the sacrifice of principle and by engaging in occupations of a doubtful nature and mixing with men of bad character.

"Don't be proud, now," said the devil; "you are over-scrupulous. Go into this money-making business. God is able to keep you whatever your circumstances may be."

"No, no; I cannot do it," he replied. "It would be tempting God, and He taught us to pray, 'Lead us not into temptation.'"

Baffled again, devil; have another try.

Wearied and disappointed, weakened by sickness, enduring hard fare and rough work, and partially overcome by it all—at such a time the devil made his grand final assault on the soul of the man.

Leading him to the high mountain of imagination, he caused a panorama of the world to pass before his mind's eye.

He saw the theatre, the saloon, the dance room, with the bright lights, warm fires, and jolly company. Here he was out in the cold, he felt lonely and forsaken, and almost longed to participate in these pleasures to the full. How he could enjoy a fragrant cigar sitting in a cosy armchair, with a glass of hot whiskey by his side, and listening to the anecdotes of the company. What good money he could earn to enjoy all these pleasures with if he would only give up his religion. Now he had to do hard and disagreeable work that he was unaccustomed to, and which made him quite ill at times, and he was badly paid for it, too. The enticing pleasures were very alluring.

"All these will I give thee," said the devil. "only you must serve me and give up Christ."

"Devil," said the sorely-tempted soul, "I was almost persuaded to give in until you said that; now may God help me, for I remember it is written of Moses that he chose to suffer affliction with the people of God rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; and by the grace of God I choose also to hold unto Christ and my salvation."

Then the devil left him, proving the truth of the old saying, "Give the devil rope enough and he'll hang himself with it."

The man knew what it was to follow Christ into the wilderness, which was the experience he had prayed for, and after that everything brightened and he is well on the way to living happy ever after.



MARY OWLKIRE.

Or, SAVED BY THE BLOOD.

By Jessie Long, Captain.

MARY OWLKIRE was born in Philadelphia, Penn., Dec. 21st, 1840, of Christian parents, her mother being a Quakeress and her father a Methodist. but for all this good influence, Mary had a bad, impulsive temper.

Her mother used to tell her she was glad she wasn't a boy, for she feared had she been she would have killed someone.

When the subject of our article was twelve years old she moved, with her parents, to a mining district in California. Her father opened a temperance hotel, of which there were few in that part of the country at that time.

Her father also had a stable, in which the miners would put their horses when they

came in from the surrounding mines. These horses were the wild mustangs, and Mary would take any one of them, with or without a saddle on, and go tearing over the hills and mountain sides on it.

Her mother would be fearful lest she should be dashed to pieces, and sometimes would send a horseman with a lariat to try and head off her horse, but she could ride so well and so fast that they never succeeded in catching her.

She says, "I remember riding upon a mountain side and looking down to see my poor mother wringing her hands and imploring God not to let me get killed."

After a while her mother's fears were somewhat calmed, as she began to think Mary could manage most any horse.

Mary was not what we would call wicked, but fearless and pleasure-loving.

She used sometimes to go into the mountains with the trappers. She says she has had bears cross her path, but never had an encounter with one.

One day she and another lady went up to the traps and found a mother-bear in a trap, with her cubs standing round her. They captured the cubs and took them home.

From this part of California she, with her family, moved to San Francisco, where her father died.

When seventeen she entered into society. She was much sought after, but did not want to marry; thought she would rather have a good time going to operas, balls, races, etc.

When twenty years old our young lady met a professional young man, whom she married after a courtship of two years. For a time they resided in San Francisco, then he, becoming tired of professional life, retired from it and bought a beautiful home in the suburbs of San Jose, Cal. He had a large income and indulged Mary in every pleasure. She drove the fastest horses, and if any had a faster, her husband would hunt the country over to find one that would beat it.

Mary's husband used to travel a good deal, and she, not having any home ties, would usually accompany him. In her travels she has visited the countries of South and Central America, and met and became acquainted with many noted people of the United States.

She says God has been very good to her in preserving her life. She has been in steamer wrecks, railroad wrecks, two equinoctial storms, and at one time was given up by all the celebrated surgeons of the Pacific Coast. As a last resort an operation was performed, but no hope was given for her recovery; but God, in His goodness, spared her life once more, though when she was so sick was after her conversion, about which you will hear very soon.

Her mother had died, and still another great sorrow had now come into her life. Her husband, who had been so kind and good to her, was taken from her side. Life now seemed hardly worth living; in fact, she was just on the verge of taking her life, when some acquaintance of hers, while looking for someone else, by mistake rapped at her door. Poor Mary was thus brought to her senses and made to realize the awful crime she was about to commit. All Mary's worldly friends had left her in the time of sorrow. They not only left her, but tried to take some of her money with them, which some of them succeeded in doing. She had, however, a Christian friend left, who used to plead with her to bring her sorrows to the great Burden-Bearer.

One evening, after about two years of drifting on in a very unhappy state of mind, Mary was dressed in gorgeous attire, ready for the theatre, thinking to get into gaiety and divert her mind, for a short time at least, from her sorrow, when in came her Christian friend and pleaded with her to go to the Florence Night Mission. At last she was prevailed upon to at least go to the open-air that was being held.

Let us have her own words of how she was convicted and converted:

"While standing listening to that open-air they sang, 'When the roll is called up yonder I'll be there,' which made me think of the promise I made my dying mother to meet her in heaven. It touched my heart, so that instead of going to the theatre I went into the little mission, and sat in a back seat, because I felt condemned to go into such a place with so much jewelry, feathers, and silk on. As the meeting progressed I felt more and more convinced of sin, and realized more and more what a wasted life mine had been.

As the leader went up to read the lesson my friend went up to speak to him. Every word he uttered seemed to be meant for me, and I thought my friend had given him an insight into my life. My old temper began to assert itself very strongly. When she came down to plead with me to come out and give my heart to God I accused her of doing so, but, throwing her arms around my neck, she assured me she did not.

"At last I realized God saw me, and with-out much more persuasion (this while tears streamed down her cheeks) I not only walked but rushed to the penitent form; and there, on that rough, uncarpeted floor, threw myself into the arms of Jesus, claiming His promises, and then and there became a new creature in Christ, with all the unhappy past blotted out. My haughty spirit was subdued, my false

pride humbled, and from that time until this God has wonderfully kept me, and I feel myself one of the humblest of God's creatures."

A few evenings afterwards this new-born soul went to a Salvation Army meeting, and God seemed to tell her the Army was her place, so she became enrolled, and has been fighting 'neath the Yellow, Red, and Blue for fifteen years.

Mary's friends and relatives were very much worked up about her joining such a "crazy lot." One brother, a lawyer, left the town because of the disgrace he thought his sister had brought upon him. Other relatives thought she had surely gone crazy. But her brother, as well as other of her relatives, after learning the objects of the Army, and the work they did, became reconciled and thought it no disgrace that a relative should be a soldier in its ranks.

Mary became an earnest worker, taking part in meetings, War Cry selling, etc.; in fact, was one of the best War Cry boomers on the Coast, selling 150 to 200 each week.

She was many times insulted while going her rounds, some even throwing whiskey in her face, but she prayed for her insulters, and some of them were afterwards brought to God.

Auntie Smith, as she is now known, lives in Wenatche, Wash., and is loved by all about her. In her the outcast, the destitute, the sorrowful, all find a true friend, and though she is now sixty-five years old, still labors hard for the Master she now loves so well.

She is thankful God saved her when He did, but bitterly regrets having wasted so many years and so much money, instead of spending them to the glory of God.

"THE NATIVITY."

She held her Baby on her heart,
And mused, with puzzled eyes,

"They say of earth He has no
Who came from Paradise;
Yet little Son of mine Thou art,
Helpless, not overwise."

She laid His head upon her
breast;

The air was all astir
With breath of spice and blossoms pressed,

Of frankincense and myrrh;
And through her bliss a vague unrest

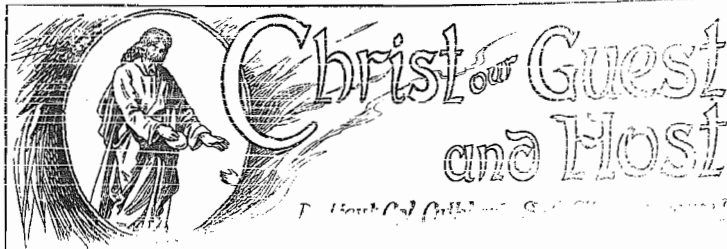
Tore at the heart of her.

She held His cheek against her
own; [He.]

"Not heaven's, but mine is
Oh, mother-heart, whose eyes alone

Across the years could see
Above her clasped Christ
the blown

Be a k
heights
of Cal-
vary!



AS it ever occurred to you, dear reader, that the decree of Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed, was after all only the secondry, or indirect cause, of the birth of Christ taking place at Bethlehem? Behind the Emperor's decree, and all unknown to him, the controlling hand of God was at work, as will be seen from the following. The Prophet Micah (chap. v. 7 R.V.), years before this event took place, foretold the appearance of one out of Bethlehem who would be the "ruler of Israel, whose goings out are of old, from everlasting," and has not the Christ, whose birth we celebrate at this season of the

year, the Christ of God and our Christ, blessed be God! perfectly fulfilled this foreshadowing of Himself? It need hardly be stated here that the Roman ruler's edict did not require Mary to visit Bethlehem with Joseph. Why did she accompany him, then? We reply, In obedience to a divine impulse, and so that Micah's prophesy might come to pass. In this incident we see a striking instance of the fulfilment of prophecy, and a

marvellous manifestation of the providence of God.

Bethlehem, though a very small town—it was one of the least of the thousand towns of Judah—was, nevertheless, a royal city, and famous as the birthplace of King David. The name Bethlehem means "House of Bread," surely a fitting place for the advent of Him who said of Himself, "I am the Bread of Life." He was indeed the Bread which came down from heaven, and which, if a man eat, he will never hunger and never die, but shall live for ever. Christ offers to come and sup with men and provide a feast of everlasting love. Blessed are they that hunger, for they shall be filled. No good thing is withheld from them that walk uprightly. If you would be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might, you must not only be with Christ, but must live upon Him. He is the manna which God has provided, and which must be gathered fresh every morning. What Christ was to you yesterday won't do for to-morrow. There must be a daily renewing of His grace in your heart. As your day, so shall your strength be. Give me this day my daily bread, or I will falter and faint, is a good petition to lay before your Father every morning.

But further, Christ is not only the Bread of Life, He is also the Water of Life. "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink." "Whosoever shall drink of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst." In Him the hungry find nourishment, and the thirsty refreshment. I wonder what He's to

my reader. We read that "He came to His own, but His own received Him not." He has come to you. Have you admitted Him to your heart? You know you are His. He has purchased you by His death. He was born in lowliness, and lived on the earth in loneliness, all for your sake. The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air nests, but He had nowhere to lay His head. Why? That He might prepare you a mansion in His heavenly home, and fit you to dwell in it. He is the life, the light, and the love of men. Has He become your life, that is does He live in you? Is your heart His throne? Is your will one with His? Can you say—

"Jesus with me is united,
Doubtings and fears are all gone,
With Him now my soul is delighted,
I and King Jesus are one?"

The Christ has come, not only to Bethlehem, He has come to your heart, my brother. Listen, for He says to you, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in unto him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." Will you let Him in? You need not be afraid of Him as you would of some august visitor. He is meek and lowly, gentle and gracious, tender and true. And will you please note that, although He asks to be admitted as a guest, He really means to become the host, so that He will not look to you to provide the feast, but on the contrary, will do so Himself. What He wants to do is to dine with you, so to speak, in your own house, at your own table. Will you break bread with Him? What more can He do or say to prove His deep concern for you and desire to bless you? He longs to make your heart a house of bread, yea, more, He would transform it into a banquetting chamber, where the sound of joy and gladness is always heard. What is there to hinder this? The latch of the door of your heart is within on your side, shall I say? and if He is to enter you must open the door and bid Him welcome. Why not say to Him now—

"Come in, my Lord, come in,
And make my heart Thy home."

Oh, be, well advised. Invite Him in now.



SHIPWRECK GENES

By Staff Captain Perry

No. 1.

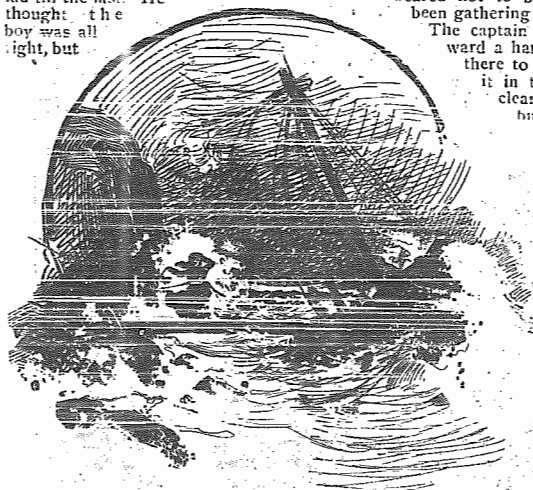
THE summer's work was over in that little fishing village. Both men and women had labored with that zeal born of necessity—the men to catch the fish abounding in the waters on that part of the Newfoundland Coast, and the women to cure them, by means of the sun.

Yes, all was over, and they were ready for their homeward trip. All were on board—men, women, fish goods, and chattels—and with dropped anchor the vessel lay in the roadstead. Oh, what thoughts of home filled the bosoms of that little band. They had prospects of meeting those they had left in the spring, and also seeing their summer earnings become a tangible realization to meet the winter's needs, for it must be remembered that man cannot live by fish alone. Alas, alas, however! such prospects were not to be realized. A gale came up, and such a gale as only Newfoundland people know the power of.

The first thought was to get the women to land. Some spoke of running the schooner ashore as the better way to save the lives of all, but this was not done by any effort of their own. The storm increased, the anchor chain parted, and in attempting to hoist the foresail the halliards broke, leaving the vessel to the mercy of the waves.

The shore soon claimed its victims. A spar was cut to act as a bridge to convey the people ashore. One woman walked this bridge to terra firma, she being the only woman saved. Two men attempted to travel the spar bridge, but it slipped from the rail and they found a watery grave by the ship's side. The vessel, by means of a big sea, was then driven upon the rocks.

A great number had been swept overboard, but now, by means of a line, the remaining ones were brought to shore. One of the saddest things in this sad shipwreck was the death of a little boy. His father, a brave and unselfish man, while a tempting to pass the men ashore by means of the rope, left his little lad till the last. He thought the boy was all right, but



"One woman walked this bridge."

when he managed to get ashore himself he found his boy to be just alive, but sinking rapidly.

Accompanied by an uncle of the little one, they took him to a tent near by, where they passed the night. Such a sad night it was. No light to lend its beams in the darkness; no fire to cheer and bless them, but alone

but a lonelier morning. Among the scenes connected with the death of the twenty-one souls in their shipwreck, none could have been more pitiable than this one. A self-sacrificing father who had helped many a one to shore and safety, and now himself bereft of his darling. Yea, a sight to invoke pity from even hardened hearts.

We cannot but be reminded of the immensity of God's sacrifice for a rebellious and condemned world. He gave Jesus to bridge the gulf. Reverently speaking.

He became the spar on which men and women pass to safety. The billows roll beneath, but the spar never fails. Hell is open to receive the careless one, but God waits on the other shore to receive the trusting, obedient one who comes over by Jesus.

Sinner, the sea is boisterous. The barque will soon go down. The waters will soon engulf you if you make not haste and save yourself.

It is true, Christ is the world's Saviour, but you have to place yourself where He can save you. In other words, you have to cross the spar. Will you leave your sin—your shipwreck life? Do it now.

No. II.

'Twas the return trip of a schooner, coming from the Labrador Coast. She was heavily laden, but had come thus far in safety, until the bay in which she was to make her home had been reached. Yes, she was near home, and the sailors were grateful for such a passage, and expected soon to be with their loved ones; but, ah! the sea appeared not to be satisfied, for clouds had been gathering and a great storm came up.

The captain turned his little vessel toward a harbor across the bay, hoping there to find shelter; but he missed it in the run. He tried now to clear a certain dangerous point, but struck a rock in going around. One man jumped to shore, and he was the only one saved. The vessel sank while the angry waves claimed their victims. The little schooner had been loaded too deep. It may have been the responsible party, for they thought she could carry the extra fish; or else the desire for "more" had caused them to risk the safety of the craft and crew. Sad to think that a desire to bring back a few extra fish should then terminate in such a calamity.

Yet how often we find it so—men risking all for a little of this world's goods. How very sad to see men risking their soul's safety for a few paltry pleasures, and at last on the rocks of despair to find themselves a helpless shipwreck. Sinner, beware! Let the bell buoy of God's eternal truth warn you. "The wages of sin is death." Heed the warning and act promptly ere it be too late. There is no time for delay.

No. III.

The "Puritan" left St. John's, Nfld., on Christmas Eve. A singular time, one would say, to commence a voyage, but sea-faring men have to go when sent, and there was no alternative. While others on shore were enjoying the evening, and looking forward to a day of mirth on the morrow, our sailor boys had to accept the inevitable, and passed through the "Narrows" seaward.

All through that night and Christmas Day they sailed through dense fog. While others were surrounded with brightness they were enveloped in gloom—a contrast they cared not for. However, nothing serious was known up to seven o'clock in the evening, when, to the great surprise of



"The little schooner had been loaded too deep."

everybody, Cabot Island Light was sighted. The captain gave command to heave off, but they found it impossible. The wild sea threw the vessel on the Island. The sailors manned the boat, and a saved man on board was heard to exclaim, "Thank God, salvation is good at this time." Scarcely had this boat, that they hoped would mean their safety, reached the water when she threw her occupants into the angry waves. One man alone was saved from the boat. Two clung to the wreck, and were driven past the Island. The cries of some of the shipwrecked crew for mercy were heard for about twenty minutes by the lighthouse keeper.

The master of the schooner left the wreck and swam towards shore. He almost got there, but not quite, his poor body being found a week later. The only survivor had to stay on the Island six weeks before he could get to the mainland. While there the sea gave up several bodies, but only one came near enough to the Island to be rescued. It was an awful sight, and very sad to think that he was the only one left to relate the event. The loss of ship property is bad, but nothing compared to the loss of life. Again, the loss of life is bad, but not to be compared with the loss of the soul. If a man is saved from sin, all will be well in life or death, storm or calm. Reader, are you ready for death—sudden death? "In such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Only the forgiven ones who have obtained pardon on God's terms, through repentance and faith, will be able to enter into the marriage supper of the lamb.

Though you do not traverse the sea, subjected to those elements that make shipwrecks, be careful that you do not make life itself one large shipwreck, and death a fog cloud of remorse.





By Major Grinsted, a Mus. L.C.M.

PROBABLY many readers will be familiar with some of the incidents connected with the rise and progress of our Army bands, from the earliest days when, at Salisbury, Bandmaster Fry and his sons formed the first Army band, right up to the International Congress held in London, this year, when, with such success, our English Staff Band, your own Canadian Staff Band, as well as other prominent bands, played, by request, on the London County Council Stand, situated on the Thames Embankment, one of London's most prominent and notable thoroughfares, and a favorite promenade. The gigantic crowds of, deeply interested people, both here and elsewhere, including the evening Musical Festival at the great Crystal Palace Demonstration, were indisputable evidences of the position Army bands have attained to.

Even as the rise and progress of the bands, so has been the rise and progress of the Musical Instrument Factory. Those whose memory and years of service carry them back to the early days will remember that almost everything which gave forth a musical sound, or perhaps to be more correct, a sound of any sort, let alone a musical sound, was considered right and proper to make use in supporting, or more often the reverse, the singing, whether the sounds chorded one with the other or not. E flat and B flat instruments, clarionets in various keys and often of different pitch, orchestral tubas, concertinas, etc., in different keys were used, attempts being made to use them singly and in combination, with varying success.

Soon many inquiries reached Headquarters

from struggling players, asking advice how best to obtain suitable combination of the various instruments they had, and as to instruments most suitable for this purpose. and mention was frequently made of the patched-up instruments which had been pushed upon them by unscrupulous persons, taking advantage of their want of knowledge and experience. In consequence of this, someone was appointed to deal with these matters, and later, at 56 Southwark St., a department was formed to deal with the business. This eventually became the Salvation Army Musical Instrument Department and Factory.

We began with a working foreman, and an apprentice, who is to-day a bandsman in the Penge Band. Shortly after a second apprentice was added, who now holds the position of factory foreman in the works.

For some time progress was naturally slow, and considerable difficulty has been experienced in producing something different to the usual style to be our own models. However, by repeated experiments and constant study and close application, success has been achieved, and our own instruments are now recognized as worthy of comparison with the world's best product.

Some four years ago, the hands employed numbered sixteen only, but so rapid has been the advance from this time onward that there are now more than sixty hands employed in the manufacture of the instruments, and a separate repairing shop, employing four hands continuously. During this period, too, silver-plating, burnishing, bell-making, and spinning departments have been added.

The various parts of the instruments are cut by patterns from sheets of brass, which are then bent, spun, moulded, or turned into the desired shape for bells, branches, tubes, valves, etc. The bell and most of the parts are spun or drawn, as required, to the correct

shape upon steel mandrels, over which is pressed steel sharp-cut rings for straight tubing, or lead rings for tapered tubing, which later, expanding as the tubing increases in size, presses the tube tight down smooth upon the steel mandrel, of great importance to the securing of free blowing and clearness of tone of the instruments. The tube is bent into the compact shape of the instrument, in parts, by filling the tube with molten lead, or composition, which, when cold, permits of the tube being bent as desired. To secure correctness of the inside dimensions of the tube, though the valve passages, and sharp short bends, steel balls of the correct sizes are forced through the passage tubing. Various appliances are brought into use for the securing of the exact replications of intricate parts, so necessary to the production of instruments of standard quality and appearance, which has been our most careful study.

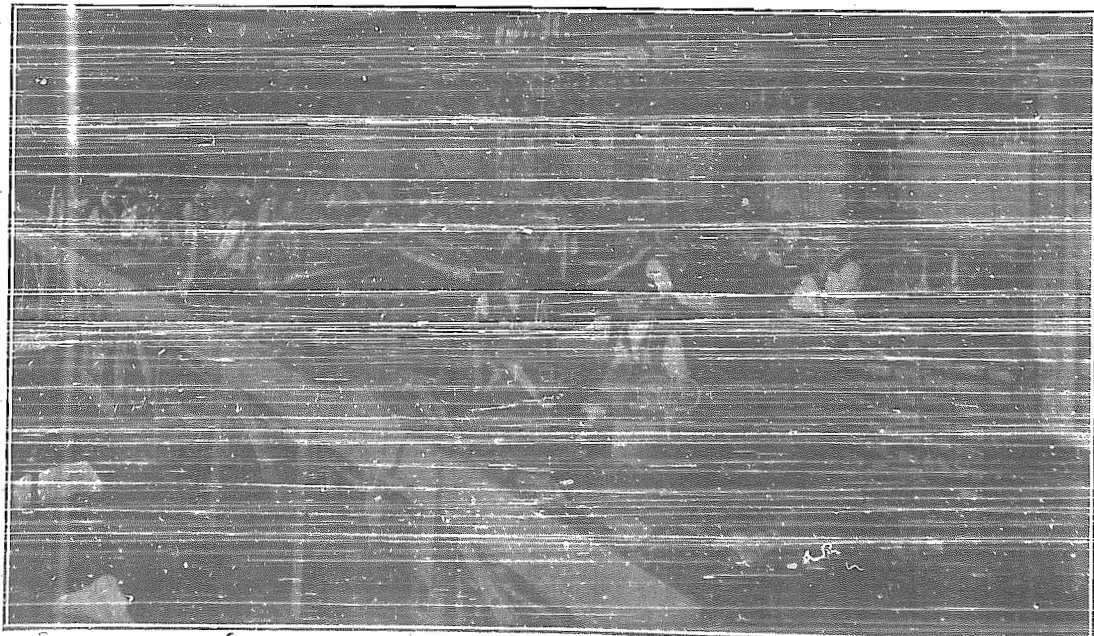
The workshop is fitted with the most practical, up-to-date machinery for this purpose. The department is also fitted with a valuable and practically indispensable automatic air compressor, by which means the old-fashioned foot gas blower is dispensed with, thus enabling the workman to give his whole attention to the work of brazing, obviating the disturbing swaying of the body by the action of the leg, thereby facilitating the skilful and scientific joining of the brass in the manufacture of the tube, and in the building and fitting together of the parts so as to form a correct and desirable whole.

Canadian comrades who visited the works will also remember the drawing of the tube, the spinning of the tubes and bells, and turning of the mouth-pieces, the boring of the pistons, etc. A considerable portion of the instruments is polished by hand with rotten stone and oil, and strips of list, and the open parts by machine with especially-prepared polishing soap.

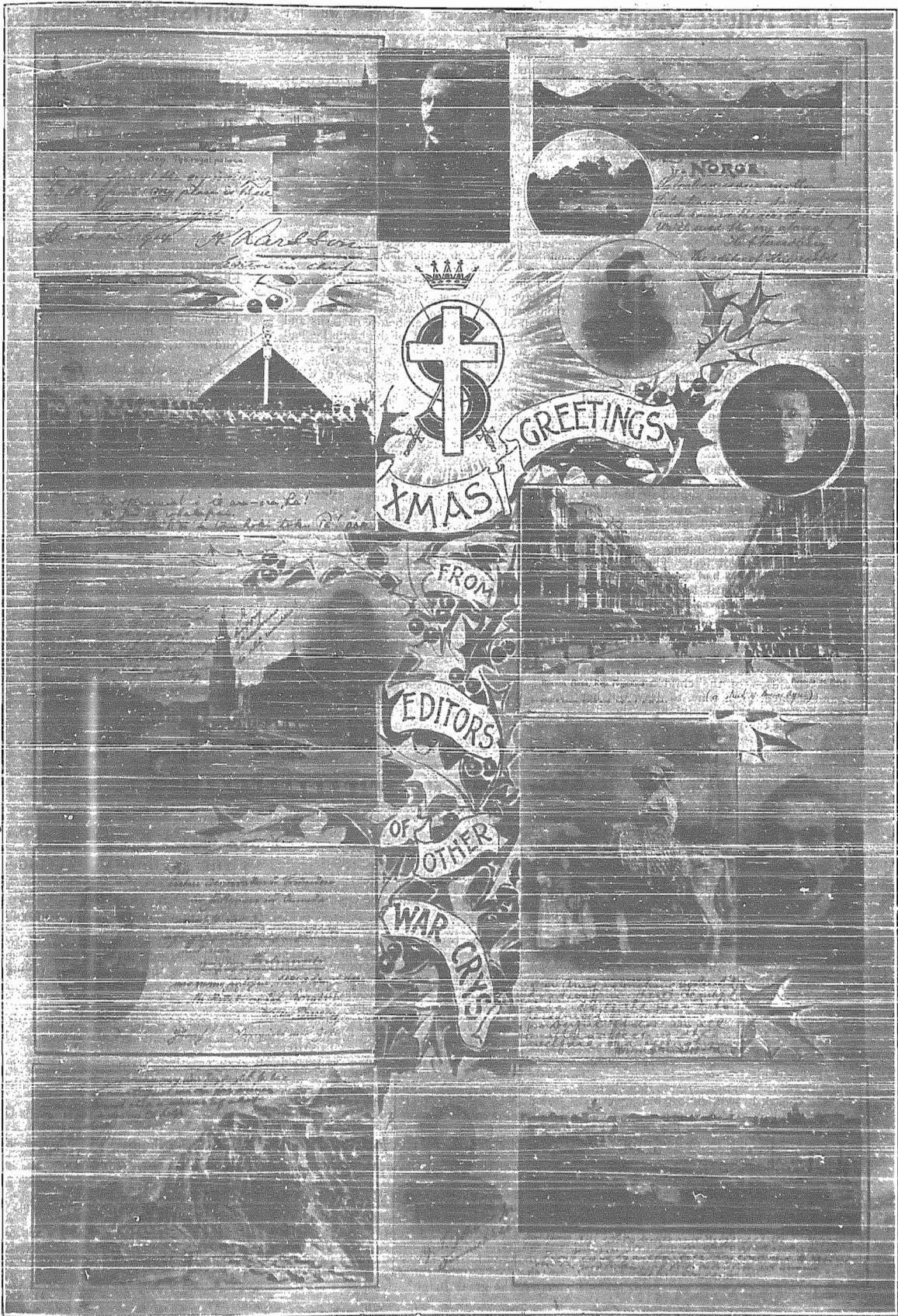
The factory has developed ingenuity, and shows a vigorous prosperity. The E flat bass slide, and BB flat bass slide trombones are really triumphs of invention and manufacture, as is also our patent water key for slide trombones.

It will be interesting to know that our turnover in brass instruments for the year 1904 exceeded that of 1903 by more than \$15,000.

We have on hand at the time of writing as much work as we know how to execute, and this Christmas season will flood us with orders.



Salvation Army Musical Instrument Workshop, St. Albans, London, Eng.



The Angel Child.

Someday, when sinks the glowing sun
Beneath the rosy-lighted West,
I'll hear my Saviour say "Well done!"
And I shall enter into rest.

THIS is just a short sketch of a young girl whose short life ended at sixteen years, and whose misery and unhappiness came under my notice. God kindly gave the opportunity of bringing a little sunshine and love into her life, cheering the few months that I helped nurse and care for her, along with other of my comrade-officers.

It is such a blessing that we have Rescue Homes. One of our Matrons has a very fitting text printed on her report which is sent to the various friends, which, to my mind, strikes a great fact: "He setteth the solitary in families," the sinning and the sinned against—some before they are born, cursed into this world. No wonder they go under: The tide of sin that surges around us is very deep and strong; the enemy has many a subtle snare for wandering, wayward feet; how often the strongest fail. People would not so readily condemn if they waited to understand the cause, and knew the awful bitterness and loneliness of a blighted and broken heart.

But little Allie, of whom I write, is one of the cases, whether few or many one cannot always say, of those more sinned against than sinning. A crowded tenement house, in a back room on the ground floor, just beyond the crowded street, with its constant pacing to and fro, that never-ending restlessness, that incessant tread of feet. There in that back room little Allie had spent most all of her girlhood years until the present. The woman she lived with was not her mother—she had never known a mother's love and tender care. Left on the doorstep one night in a far distant town, when only a tiny, helpless babe, the woman had taken her in, and in her rough way had been kind to her. The helpless condition of the child appealed to her, and seemed, for a time, to draw out her woman-heart towards the infant. She had drank some in the past, she told me, but for a time she kept from it for the baby's sake. Unfortunately she drifted into a large city, the place of which we write, and took to drinking and bad living, until apparently she had lost all womanhood. Often when returning late at night with her companions, she had driven the child out in the street in cold, wet weather, in her bare feet, to fetch drink.

At last one of the White Ribbon ladies reported her case to one of our officers, and at once we set out to see what could be done. One of our officers, with one of the doctors attending our Home, who kindly offered to go with her, visited the place, and returned with a most pitiful tale.

"Just about as bad as anything I would wish to see," the doctor said. "I was afraid to take off my hat. Anyway, there was no place to put it there."

Lying on a broken couch, scarcely able to raise her head, no one to hand her a drink, the bright flush of fever on her cheek, a deep, unnatural look in her blue eyes, they found little Allie, just past fifteen years, a mother. Kind and tender hands brought her to our Home and Hospital.

Such a transformation after a few baths! The hair, a dark brown, almost black, turned out to be a silky, golden brown.

She seemed very much afraid at first, and would not speak for several days. One of the first things she asked was:

"Why do you do all this? What does it mean? Will you let me stay here always? I will get strong, and then I shall work."

She became very anxious to get strong enough to study, so that she would be able to read and write; and while, for a time, she seemed to gather a little strength, the abuse of the past had proven too much during those tender years. The short breath and racking cough, the flush of cheek, and pain, told us

all too plainly that the dread disease, consumption, was making sad havoc with her slender frame.

For the safety of the rest of our large household, it became necessary to have her removed to the hospital, where, in the little room at the top, she could see over the roofs and through the chimneys to our Home. She would listen for the clock striking below. She would tell the nurse at eight, "Sister, they are having prayers now. They will pray for me, I know."

"Six-thirty.—The children's prayer. They will be singing. I used to love to listen to them; and they will be praying now. They taught me how to pray there."

She had been looking forward to coming home again until after one day and night of weary pain and racking cough she said to me while sitting by her side (I had never known her to complain):

"I don't think I want to live much longer if I have to suffer so. There is no rest at all from pain and I am so weary—wearily!"

I talked to her as often before of Jesus and His wondrous love to us, of the home He had gone to prepare for those who love Him, and how He answered our prayers when we asked Him aught. Clasp her thin, white fingers in mine, she said:

"Maybe you will tell Him how tired I am, and ask Him to let me come soon."

I knelt by her bedside. She whispered, "I wish that poor Mag (the woman she had lived with) knew about Him. I wish that she would come, too."

After I prayed and told Him that she was weary, and asked that she might have rest, I kissed the white brow and left her.

The next day, toward the closing of the day, the message came over the telephone to come quickly, as she was going fast.

I knelt by her side and asked if she was afraid. She answered with a smile:

"Oh, no! I am so glad! I am cold," she whispered, as the death chill crept over her frame, "but I am not afraid. Jesus helps me. I'm so glad—there's no pain—there."

A glad smile stole over her face, and looking away through the window towards heaven little Allie fell asleep.

Poor Mag is still on the downward way. She often weeps for the angel-child, as she calls her now, but the chains of sin are very strong. We pray that ere long the child's prayers may be answered, and Mag, too, shall pray.—E. M. H.

Perils of the Sea.

The wind blew heavy. 'Twas what the sailors called a gale. Tied to the wharf in Tilt Cove harbor was the steamer "Para," half loaded with copper ore. The captain intended moving to a harbor for safety, seeing Tilt Cove was unsheltered, and vessels were only able to load there when the wind was off shore.

He slipped the bow line to move, but, alas! the quarter line broke, and not having room to turn, the vessel drifted ashore on a sunken rock. Having beaten a hole through her, there she rested. The captain and crew stood by her until she commenced to fill, then seeing she was helpless they left. A heavy sea came after the abandonment, and the steamer surged off the rock and began drifting out of the Cove, filling as she went. After thus drifting one quarter of a mile she turned turtle head, and then went to the bottom.

It was a sad sight, although, thank God, no one was lost. The crew had a hard time landing, and the captain was overwhelmed with grief to think he lost his vessel as he did. How much like this it will be on the great judgment morning—men themselves saved, but their works burned. Oh, the sorrow!

Professor of Christ, let your works be done in the fear of God, and for His glory, that they may live after you here and find recognition on the great day of accounts. The captain referred to tried to save his ship, and has that comfort. Should you meet with loss on the great judgment day, what will you answer the great Judge?

Christmas Songs.

JESUS KNOWS.

Tune.—We Have No Other Argument

He knows what's best, yes, Jesus knows,
He all my way doth mark;
I confidently trust in Him,
Though every step be dark.

Sometimes His love requires me
To climb the mountain steep;
So forth I go, remembering still
That He will safely keep.

He knows what's best, and understands
The cravings of my soul;
But, guided by His tender hand,
I'll safely reach the goal.

Not only does my Saviour know
Just what my soul requires,
But constantly my need supplies,
And never, never tires.

So on I go, content to know
That while He holds my hand
I still may conquer, and some day
Shall join the angel band.

My Lord, I trust myself to Thee,
Thou knowest what is best;
Now from all care I'll e'en be free,
Reclining on Thy breast.

Adelaide Meikle, Canning, N.S.

REJOICE.

Tune.—Auld Lang Syne.

2 All on this Christmas morn rejoice
That Christ to earth was given,
To save from woe the souls of men,
And give a place in heaven.

The wondrous, precious love of God,
That gave to us a King,
To shed for us a crimson flood,
Hosannah to Him sing.

The mighty power of Jesus' love,
Is just the same to-day
As when He came from heaven above,
Our heavy debts to pay.

Shall we not fight the fight of faith,
And praise our glorious King?
Loud praises sound this Christmas morn,
Let all our voices ring.

F. M., T. H. Q.

THE SAVIOUR IS CALLING.

Tune.—For You I Am Praying.

3 Come, sinner, neglecting, God's love long
rejecting,
His wondrous mercy, beyond all degree;
No longer pursuing the broad road to ruin,
Oh, haste to the Saviour, He's calling for thee.

Chorus.

The Saviour is calling, the Saviour is calling,
The Saviour is calling, He's calling for thee.

Backslider, thy Saviour, again His sweet
favor
He's waiting to give thee, so boundless
and free;
Thy failure confessing, receive now His bless-
ing,
Oh, haste to the Saviour, He's calling for
thee.

Repent and believe now, God's pardon re-
ceiving,
To Calvary's fountain for cleansing now
flee;
From sin's condemnation, accept His salva-
tion;
Oh, haste to the Saviour, He's calling for
thee.

C. M. W. G., Moosejaw, N.W.T.

The East Indian Coolie in West India.

FOR the benefit of his health, some years ago, a sugar planter, from Demerara, visited his home in the North of Scotland. He heard of the Salvation Army's work in the neighborhood and became so much interested in the movement that he attended the services, with the result that he also got converted. When he returned to his duties in Demerara his eyes were opened to the needs of the perishing, and his heart filled with longings to help others to the light and liberty of the children of God.

The very large and neglected coolie populations, throughout the colony of British Guiana, appealed to him most strongly, and the conviction that the Army's methods, which had already succeeded in reaching and saving many thousands of Indians, would be the thing for those surrounding him, led him to consecrate his life to the coolie work.

The tactics of Commander Booth-Tucker, the pioneer leader of the Army's operations in India, were followed. Assuming the name of "Ghurib Das," or "Servant of the Poor," as indicative of the character and object of his

at one penny, and one cent, or a half penny, secures shelter for the night. Really

Destitute Cases are Assisted

gratuitously, but in no instance is this done without getting the recipient to do some work in return, if he is physically fit to work.

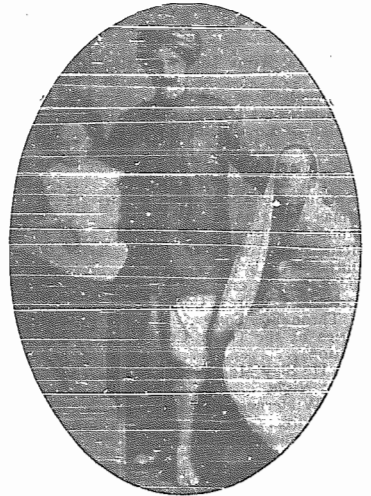
In each of the Shelters evangelistic meetings are conducted five times every week, as well as special services for the children. We have also a day school for East Indian children at Queenstown.

Since this branch of our work was started some hundreds of coolies have publicly come forward to give themselves to God. Many of these, after feeling their "lot improved," returned to their own country, others have gone to work on different estates, or to planting rice on their own account, while a number are soldiers and recruits in our ranks, taking part regularly in the meetings and exhorting their countrymen to seek and serve the true God.

Our greatest need, however, is workers, people who, like Ghurib Das, are willing to give up all and go forth at the command of our great Master to preach the Gospel to every creature.

European Overseer's Home.

The painful fact that a number of European Overseers have found their way into our



Ensign Ghurib Das (Alexander) and His Wife, Rajee Bhai, with Their Two Children.

Shelters from time to time, led us to set aside a portion of our institution at La Penitence exclusively for helping destitute cases of this class.

Drink, the great enemy of the race, is seldom discovered in its overwhelming powers until it is almost, if not altogether, too late. Unfortunately, too, once down and shabby in appearance, a man stands a poor chance of regaining his former position. It is with such cases that we deal, and by giving them a helping hand we thus provide a way up again.

This section of the work has been the means of restoring quite a number of men to positions of trust and inspiring them to live a sober and industrious life. It is, therefore, greatly appreciated by the leading planters, merchants, and the general public of the Colony.

Being a work of mercy, and dealing often with physically, as well as morally, broken down individuals, this branch is largely dependent upon contributions from the charitable portion of the community.

Work Done in East Indian Shelters.

No. of meetings held	1,413
No. of attendances	27,784
No. Sheltered at 1 cent per night	39,054
No. sheltered gratuitously	16,425
No. meals supplied	542,928

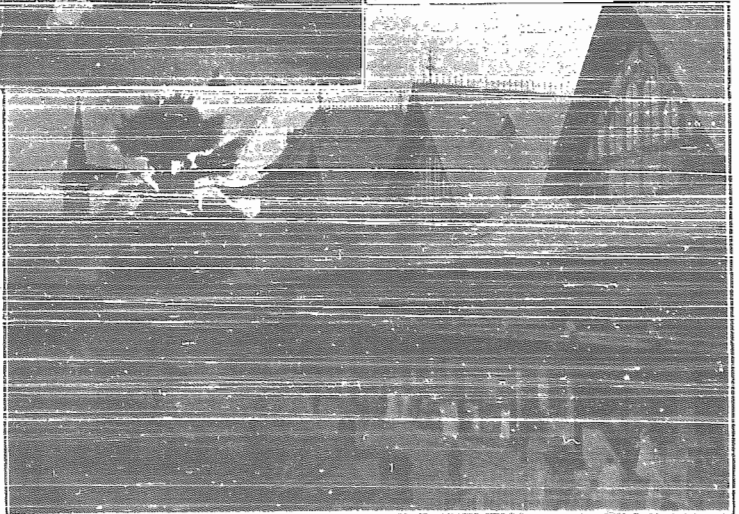


Palm Walk, near Georgetown, British Guiana.

mission, and adopting the Hindoo dress and style of living, our comrade started his work. A hut was secured in the centre of a populous coolie settlement, from which Ghurib Das commenced his labors; he lived the life of a hermit, and ate the purely East Indian vegetable food, and thus created the conviction amongst the coolies that he had their salvation at heart.

As the work progressed it became evident that larger numbers could be reached if something in the way of night shelter and cheap food depot could be secured in Georgetown, and in 1882 the first Shelter of this description was opened. Immediately large numbers of coolies became interested, seeking refuge and relief under its roof, and such a long-felt want had thus been met; that later on a second, third, and fourth institution had to be opened in Georgetown, and also one in New Amsterdam.

At each of these Shelters meals are supplied



Law Courts, Georgetown, British Guiana.

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Recent Staff Changes.

It will be of interest to the readers of the War Cry to know that Brigadier Smeeton and his wife, late of Newfoundland, have, for the time being, been put in charge of the Training College, Toronto. God has richly blessed them in their late command, and He will make them a great blessing to the Cadets during their stay at Sherbourne Street.

While speaking of changes, it would be as well to mention that Major Creighton has been selected to go to Newfoundland to help forward the work there until a Provincial Officer is appointed. Staff-Capt. McGillivray, the Chancellor, has been very poorly in health, but we rejoice to be able to report that he is improving, and we ask the prayers of all our dear comrades for him that he may be thoroughly restored. His dear wife is doing splendid work. May God bless her, and all our women-warriors everywhere.

The Central Province has again come to our help. This time it provides us Staff-Capt. Cass and his wife, as Chancellors for the Pacific Province. Brigadier McMillan has been fighting single-handed for some little

time, but the Commissioner felt that some sacrifice must be made to render him assistance, and so the Staff-Captains have been selected to fight by his side. They have done splendid work in the Central Province, and whether their stay on the Pacific be long or short, we are quite sure they will give a good account of themselves.

Commissioner Coombs' WESTERN TOUR.

WINNIPEG, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Jan. 7, 8, 9.

BRANDON, Tuesday, Jan. 10.

CALGARY, Thursday, Jan. 12.

VANCOUVER, Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 14, 15.

NEW WHATCOM, Monday, Jan. 16.

SPOKANE, Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 18, 19.

HELENA, Friday, Jan. 20.

BUTTE, Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 21, 22.

FARGO, Tuesday, Jan. 24.

"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

By RUFUS RAMBLER.

AND so it will end,
Gradually the bright, strong
hues will fade out of the landscape,
and innumerable soft
tints will replace them. Our
hearts are mellow.

Onward we journey, toward the west, where
the sun of our life dips into eternity's ocean.

A purple pall falls over our world, merging
all tints. Earth's pleasures fade; its memories
are dimmed in the anticipated glories on approaching
the border-line of the great beyond.
Not alone do we tread the path to the

river's bank. Gently a bony hand grips our
arm. No, there is no beauty in death when
we face him; but he is a kind friend. Yet
the dying may be very beautiful.

Night thickens.

"Where is your hand, darling?"

Faintly, as coming from a great distance,
the reply of the familiar voice reaches us, and
the pressure of our hand feels as a breath.
A hot tear dropping upon it causes a momentary
quickenings of our sense of touch.

Voices about us confusedly run together
into a murmur, and die away.

Black, dense, impenetrable darkness.

Then a light—dim at first, as the point we
see ahead of us in a long tunnel, marking the
distant exit—but it grows brighter. And
presently we see "angels" faces smile which,
... loved long since, were lost to us awhile.
Music, and songs, and shouts of praise!

"He's dead," says the doctor.

"Gone to be with Jesus," believing hearts
whisper.

Work while it is day, for the night cometh
when no man can work.



"Watching In" Christmas.

HAVE you heard the sweet old legend
Of the cattle in the field?
How they bow their knees in worship
And their praise to heaven yield?
At the solemn midnight season
Just before the Christmas dawn,
Bending low in adoration
At the hour when Christ was born?

Do you know the Southern custom
Built upon this legend sweet,
Held in all the old plantations
When the light and darkness meet?
How they watched the dawning Christmas;
"Watched it in" with prayer and praise,
"Watched it in" with consecration—
Blessed day-spring! Day of days!

While we know 'tis but a legend,
That the cattle kneel and pray;
Has it not a tender lesson
For each Christian heart to-day?
Calling out a rev'rent mem'ry
Of that first gladd Christmas-tide?
When the Christ in sweet compassion,
Laid His robes of flight aside;

Chose a manger for His cradle,
Pillowed low His kingly head,
On the yellow hay at midnight
In a Beth'lem cattle shed,
What a wondrous sight was granted
To the cattle standing by
With His angels singing o'er them,
And His starlight in the sky!

As this latest Christmas season
Comes to greet the world once more;
As the joyous Christmas carols
Tell the story o'er and o'er,
Let the sweet old Southern legend
Whisper to our hearts to-day;
Let the "watching in" of Christmas
Move us now to watch and pray.

A Christmas Sermonette.

"THERE was no room for them" in the inn. What thoughts do these words awaken in the mind? Perhaps the first may be this, that no wonder in so great a concourse of people, of all ranks, going up to be registered for taxes, there should be no room in the inn for the poor and unpretending Mother of the Saviour to be delivered of her first-born child. But the second thought may be that the world is like that inn, that amidst its pomp, its magnificence, amidst the whirl and hurry of its business, amidst the marble edifices of its gigantic triumphs, amidst its enterprises, amidst the crowd and pressure of even its neediest inhabitants, there is not room for the Saviour of mankind.

Upon this thought another might follow—that that inn, in respect of its busle and turmoil, is like the world. Many crowds round man, giving himself up without reserve, whether to vicious indulgences, or selfish enjoyments, or to schemes of advancement in this world, till he feels himself so full that there is not room in him for the thought that his food and raiment, his gifts and faculties, his hopes and prospects, all that he has and all that he can ever be, came down to him from the Most High, and are to be rendered up again to Him from whom they came, in thanks, in praise, and in dutiful obedience.

W. E. Gladstone.

Thoughts on Jesus Christ.

CHRISt was the great idealist.

T. Hughes.

JESUS CHRIST.—The historical name of the Redeemer.

Hengstenberg.

CHRISt's LIFE.—The greatest religious force the world has ever known, except His death.

Rev. James Chapman.

A human body become the organ of the Divine nature, and revealing, under

the conditions of an earthly life, the glory of God.

Bushnell.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.—The assertion and example of true manliness; the setting forth in living act and word what man is meant to be, and how he should array himself in this world of God's.

T. Hughes.

CHA-RAC-T-E-R OF CHRIST.—Moral perfection, the greatest and most quickening miracle in human history, a purity which shows no stain or touch of the earth, an excellence un-borrowed, unconfined, bearing no impress of any age or any nation, the very image of the Universal Father.

Channing.

The Master of all, the book and the rule of the religious, the model of the clergy, the doctrine of the laity, the text and commentary of the decrees, the light of believers, the rejoicing of the righteous, the praise of angels, the end and consummation of all the longing of the saints.

Thomas a Kempis.

The immediate manifestation of the divine sanctity on earth; the highest love, the profoundest humility of heart, the greatest submission to the will of God, blended in one with a fear-and-awe-inspiring expression of righteousness whose foundations nothing can shake, and with the mystical expression of a power which is able to employ all forces in its service.

Sibbern.

Christmas Crackers.

NEGROES consider Christmas Day the best in the year for a wedding.

Present-giving on Christmas Day is general throughout the world.

Carrots make an excellent cheap substitute for eggs in plum-pudding.

During Christmas week 200,000 dozen oysters are consumed in London.

Sixty thousand tons of oranges, valued at \$175 a ton, enter British ports yearly.

Christmas was first celebrated as a feast of the Christian Church about the year 190 A.D.

Plum pudding was originally plum porridge, and was served for breakfast, not dinner.

A leaf from Christmas decorations is preserved in Yorkshire as a remedy against toothache.

Christmas Day at Cape Town is usually celebrated with picnics. The temperature averages 82 deg.

It is an old Irish superstition that gold should not be paid away on Christmas Day, nor silver lent.

Cumberland's Christmas amusement was, until lately, the Honey Fairs, at which there was dancing.

Scottish servants each endeavor to be the first to draw water from the well on Christmas morning.

During Christmas week three and a half million letters a day leave England for America and the Colonies.

At Ripon it is customary for grocers to present their customers with a pound and a half of currants to make a Christmas pudding.

Nearly all the customs and festivities common to Christmas-time are derived from the worship of our pagan ancestors in Great Britain.

At Tretyre, Hertfordshire, a cake is made on Christmas Eve with a hole through it. This is hung on the horn of an ox to insure a good crop.

The choir-boys of Ripon at one time had the privilege of selling apples at four cents each to all the congregation after the service on Christmas morning.

The rules for the closing of shops on Sunday in Germany are relaxed three weeks before Christmas, to give those who are occupied on week-days an opportunity of selecting their Christmas purchases.

One pound in every eight of England's Christmas roast beef comes from the Colonies, from whom England buys 660,000 cwt. of killed meat and 140,000 cattle a year.

In most parts of the world mistletoe is common. It is extremely plentiful on oak trees in America, and on apple trees in Normandy and Brittany.

In the Navy a curious practice is the "carrying round of officers." Popular officers are shouldered and carried round the decks on Christmas morning, preceded by a band.

The first Christmas tree in a British Royal Palace was seen in the reign of George IV. Lord J. Russell was present, and speaks of the tree being covered with colored candles.

The word "Yule" has in reality nothing to do with Christmas. It is an old Scandinavian word, signifying the winter solstice, which was kept as a feast by the old heathen Goths.

The Christmas holidays mean an annual loss in wages in the British islands of \$65,000,000. This amount of money would be sufficient to run a country like Holland or Norway for an entire year.

On Christmas morning, in Norway, every gateway, gable, or barn door is decorated with a sheaf of corn, fixed on a tall pole, in order that the birds may eat from it their Christmas dinner.

At the Saturnalia, the heathen prototype of Christmas, it was the Roman custom to decorate the house with evergreens. This was done to give the woodland spirits a refuge from the cold.

A Christmas custom once common all over England, but now rarely seen, is that of the play of "St. George and the Dragon," performed on the evening of December 24th.

A curious old superstition is that nine holy leaves tied in a handkerchief with nine knots, and placed under the pillow on Christmas night, will cause the sleeper to dream of his or her future wife or husband.

There is an old superstition that to be born on Christmas Day is to be lucky all one's life, and in Silesia there is a belief that a boy born on Christmas Day must be brought up a lawyer or he will become a thief.

A curious Roumanian Christmas custom is the "blessing of the river." A service is held on the bank of the Danube, and a small wooden cross thrown in through a hole in the ice. A frantic scramble follows to recover the relic.

"A roast sucking-pig, carefully nurtured on mother's milk from the hour of its birth," was formerly a favorite Royal dish on Christmas Day, and George IV. was particularly fond of the head of a sucking pig, split, well seasoned, and devilled.

Beecher and "the Rooster."

THAT Henry Ward Beecher was spared much embarrassment by his quickness at repartee is illustrated by the following story:

One evening, as he was in the midst of an impassioned speech, some one attempted to interrupt him by suddenly crowing like a rooster. It was done to perfection; a number of people laughed in spite of themselves, and the speaker's friends felt that in a moment the whole effect of the meeting, and of Mr. Beecher's thrilling appeals, might be lost. The orator, however, was equal to the occasion. He stopped, listened till the crowing ceased, and then, with a look of surprise, pulled out his watch.

"Morning already!" he said: "my watch is only at ten. But there can be no mistake about it. The instincts of the lower animals are infallible."

There was a roar of laughter. The "lower animal" in the gallery collapsed, and Mr. Beecher was able to resume as if nothing had occurred.

